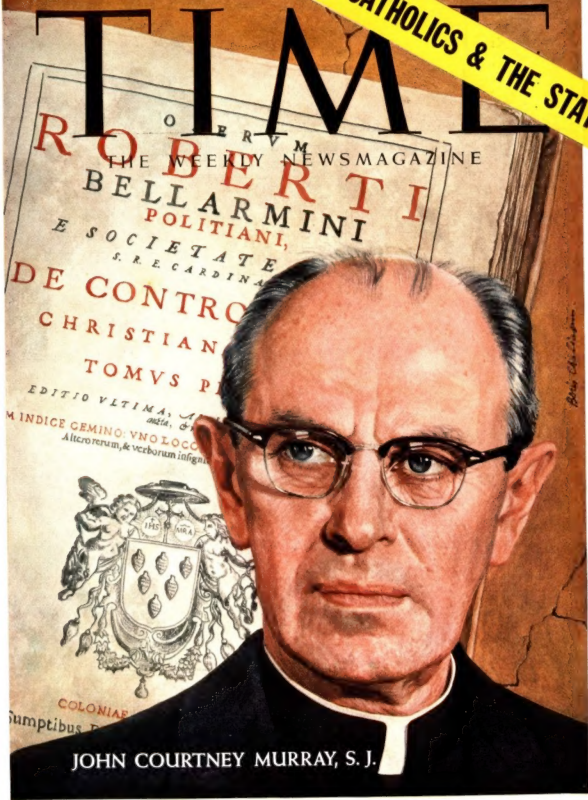


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TIME
December 12, 1960

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Volume LXXVI
Number 25

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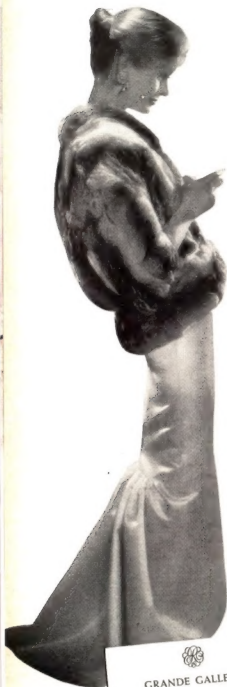
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Weight (lbs.)	1625	1617	1481
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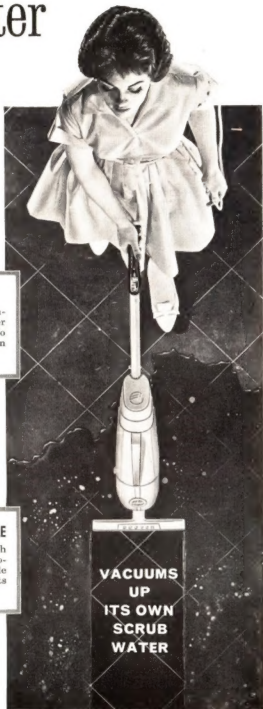
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PHIL SILVER, CBS-TV STAR

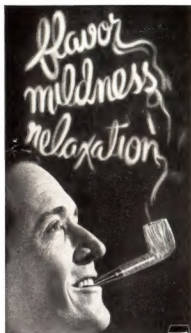
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LETTERS

Homecoming Dependents

Sir:

Regarding the curtailing of military dependents overseas: stop travel of American tourists overseas. The average tourist spends more on the foreign economy during a two- to four-week period overseas than the average service family spends in a year.

(M/SGT) RODNEY N. HOOTS

Fort Bragg, N.C.

Sir:

The high gold loss in permitting service men the luxury of the family life they are underpaid to protect diminishes in perspective when viewed alongside the conservative guestimate of \$60 million per month that flows into foreign tills by way of the million and a half American tourists abroad each year. For this gold loss, stay-at-home Americans are repaid with a horde of misinformation, snap judgments, color slides and miniature Tour Eiffels.

It would seem that a government for and by the people would move first to discourage joy-riding abroad and tamper last with the morale of its lifeline.

DOROTHY D. DREIMAN

Fairborn, Ohio

Sir:

It seems an injustice that the members of the military are deprived of the right of a home and family; the only reason we have a military is to ensure that right for the rest of the country.

PHILLIP J. WENDT

Dover, Del.

Sir:

I protest the proposed cutback in dependent travel. For families, home is where the father is, and I don't call it patriotism to take this separation without protesting. We're the first ones to lose come a war, so why not give us the peaceful years with our husbands?

I never would have voted for Nixon if this had come out before the election.

DOROTHY CARLSEN

Biloxi, Miss.

Pearl of the Orient

Sir:

When I was a cub reporter, 65 years ago, I was taught that there never had been but two outstanding jobs of reporting: 1) Lew Wallace's account of the *Ben-Hur* chariot race (fictional); 2) Lafcadio Hearn's account of the Gas House [Tannery] Murder in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

Now there is a third: TIME's Hong Kong story in the Nov. 21 issue. That is the best piece of newspaper English I have read in a generation.

WILLIAM E. MARSH

Oklahoma City

Sir:

Not to mention Deep Water Bay or Pokfulam or Mount Kellett or Happy Valley, where the graves of honorable friends watch over race track, not to write of Tai Po or Sha Tin or Fan Ling, the golfers' paradise, is a crying shame.

You also missed Ice House Street. Plenty shame.

GILLIAN CREAMER

New Canaan, Conn.

Sir:

You missed the biggest story out there in Hong Kong. True, Cheong Sam skirts and shopping infuse the tourist with excitement, but what about the building of the housing

estate blocks that are taking 1,000,000 refugees out of hillside squatter shacks and changing the whole face of the British colony? Any tourist who has experienced the giving away of 1,000 bags of noodles to hungry, screaming Chinese children will jet away with the most intoxicating memory for life.

THOMAS L.E.M. SCHMIDT

Northridge, Calif.

Sir:

Bravo on your cover on Hong Kong. Your article is tremendous, and it indeed makes old Peninsula hands want to pack their bags again.

ROSEANNE BURKE

New York City

Sir:

Although the Great Buddha is in Kamakura, I don't mind it belonging to me.

GEORGE NAKAMURA

APO 343

San Francisco



¶ TIME mistakenly located the Great Buddha Daibutsu (*see cut*). It belongs in Kamakura, not Nakamura.—Ed.

Thin Zen

Sir:

[Koestler] is in no position to discuss samadhi until he has himself experienced that state. Then he may find words superfluous.

EILEEN HYATT

McGregor, Texas

Sir:

Arthur Koestler undoubtedly has a marvelous mind, but his most recent pronouncements regarding the wisdom of looking to Asia for enlightenment and spiritual guidance seem exceedingly irresponsible, unfair and misleading. By dwelling on the extremes of Oriental religions and their mystifying mysticism, he grossly distorts the wisdom of the East. He rejects Zen Buddhism and at the same time discounts the essence of Zen, which is not a spiritual doctrine, not a religion, not even a philosophy. One who understands Zen has no gods to fail him. For Zen is not a faith, but faith; not hopes, but hope; not beliefs, but belief. It has no rituals, no concepts, no symbolism. It is absurd to infer that the Eastern flavor of Zen is not worth tasting. Since Zen is simply a way of life, it knows no bounds or boundaries. The beauty of Zen is that it allows



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And isn't there someone special who would ap-
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things to come of themselves, i.e., if there is enlightenment, the world will automatically become that better place.

LISE HOFMANN

Palo Alto

Sir:

The article should have been printed under Business, as it was not saintmanship but salesmanship that was the goal of the author.

HARI SINGH EVEREST

Roseville, Calif.

Simple Semantics

Sir:

Prince Philip (Nov. 21) for once is wrong. The science of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it is not dentopedology (which is really the science of biting the foot which kicks you; it is a Post Office term). Prince Philip meant oratopedology.

JOHN A. MCCLUSKIE

Sydney, Australia

Or as Reader McCluskie might better put the science of hoof-in-mouthing: oripedology.—Ed.

Sir:

On page 15 of the Nov. 21 issue of TIME, in "A Letter from the Publisher" referring to Gerald Moore, you write that "his volumes and tempo."

Please tell me I am wrong; please do not tell me that you attempted to pluralize the Latin *tempus* and made it into *tempfi*!

RALPH W. JONES

Cleveland

Lentissimo, please. The plural of tempo, a musical term denoting the rate of speed at which a piece or passage moves, is *tempi*.—Ed.

Sir:

My question pertains to the excerpt from a letter written by T. H. White to Richard Burton regarding *Camelot*: "I hope it will be horozomic." I assume it is a word coined by White and am curious as to its meaning and origin.

DONNA MORRISON SCHREIBER

Lynchburg, Va.

Horazonic is latest English school-boy slang, derived from new metal, borazon. Translation: "Absolutely wizard."—Ed.

Integration Progress

Sir:

Is it possible that the white population of the Southern states of the U.S. go on ignoring the perilous heritage they are leaving their children and their grandchildren by their inhuman treatment of their black brothers?

F. MOODY

Buenos Aires

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As a native of the beloved state of Louisiana, I would like the U.S. to know that not all Louisiana residents share the feelings of the anti-Negro demonstrators in New Orleans. In fact, we are thoroughly ashamed of them.

(THE REV.) JAMES C. BRASHER

Church of Christ
Sulphur, La.

Sir:

I wonder what the results would be if the angry students of New Orleans were asked to do one of the following: 1) write a 500-word essay supporting racial prejudice, or 2) list ten reasons why they bear racial prejudice.

CAREY SPIKES

Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

I can't help wondering if the citizens of the U.S. may have forgotten that we are supposed to be an example to the entire world of how a democracy operates, and that "equality under the law" is provided for in our Constitution.

ROBERT M. RYAN

Mayville, Ky.

Sir:

The real tragedy is doubtless the bewilderment and the perplexity of those three little Negro girls who are the cause of the uproar.

RICHARD N. SORENSON JR.

Pauls Valley, Okla.

Placement Service

Sir:

Now, fellas, if you'd really like to know the facts, we'll be glad to clue you in: last we heard, Phillips Exeter was in New Hampshire. It's Phillips Andover that's in Massachusetts.

THE PEAN BOARD

The Pean

Yearbook of the Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N.H.

Half right. Plain Phillips Academy, founded 1780 by Samuel Phillips, is in Andover, Mass., and is commonly called Andover. Phillips Exeter, founded 1783 by Sam's Uncle John Phillips, is in Exeter, N.H., and is commonly known as Exeter.—Ed.

Business Reporter

Sir:

Thanks a million for the magnificent write up of Sylvia Porter. A lot of us have been wondering about this intrepid woman who acquits herself with such distinction in a world where, traditionally, we are not to "worry our pretty little heads."

ALICE S. WOODHULL

Buffalo, N.Y.



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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

ON Thanksgiving Day, when most of the U.S. was attacking a turkey with trimmings, John Courtney Murray, S.J., and TIME Associate Editor Douglas Auchincloss sat down to scrambled eggs and Chesapeake Bay crab in a lonely roadside restaurant outside Baltimore. Being members of professions that work on holidays when there is work to be done, they were at work—on this week's TIME cover story.

The long discussions between priest and writer, the source of much of the story, began the day before, when Father Murray met Auchincloss and Researcher Paula von Haimberger Arno at Baltimore's Pennsylvania Station. Driving his 1960 Dodge through the city's hilly outskirts to his headquarters at Woodstock College, Father Murray pondered the rapid disappearance of the U.S. countryside and good-naturedly brushed aside Mrs. Arno's apology for "wrecking his schedule." Replied the Jesuit: "What of a little wreckage? There is nothing but wreckage around us today."

Once inside one of the seminary's U-shaped, granite buildings, the energetic theologian turned to the question of church and state, and the discussion reached back to Thomas Aquinas and back to the transitional thought of 16th century St. Robert Bellarmine.* At one point, Father Murray had to interrupt the interview for his afternoon lecture to some 200 young seminarians. Mrs. Arno, who

*The title page of Volume I of the complete works of Bellarmine (seven volumes) in the Fordham University Library forms the background of Artist Boris Chaitkin's cover painting.



MURRAY & AUCHINCLOSS AT WORK

earlier in the day had mistakenly entered a cloistered area of the tree-lined campus, was not allowed to attend the class; Auchincloss went, admitted to his host that he had some difficulty keeping awake during the half of the discussion on the Arian heresy conducted in Latin, although he had struggled with the language for a dozen years at Buckley School, Groton and Yale.

At times, the talks eased away from the deeper subject matter to such topics as the effect of drugs on the human consciousness, and the effects of Parisian restaurants on the palate. When his conferences with Father Murray were finished, Auchincloss returned to his Manhattan apartment to pore over volumes of research and finally to write. As is his practice, he wrote at home on his electric Olivetti, stopping from time to time to make himself some hot soup.

It was Protestant Douglas Auchincloss' 17th TIME cover story (among the others: Protestant Theologian Paul Tillich, Rabbi Louis Finkelstein, and the Dead Sea Scrolls) in 14 years as TIME's Religion writer. Of this one Auchincloss had an impression he will not soon forget: "The most relentlessly intellectual cover story I've ever done."

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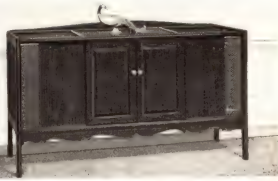


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Picking the Team

With less than two months left before the end of the Great Crusade and the opening of the New Frontier, the Kennedy Administration last week began to take shape. Announcing four key appointments and nearing final decisions on several others, President-elect Kennedy, by the nature of his selections, indicated that his Administration will be generally moderate, eschewing the radicalism of the 1960 Democratic platform. Named by Kennedy to high Government posts: North Carolina's Governor Luther Hodges as Secretary of Commerce; Connecticut's Governor Abraham Ribicoff as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; Harvard Economist David E. Bell as Budget Director, and Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs.

The appointment giving Kennedy the most trouble was the most important one of all: Secretary of State. One by one Kennedy ran down a list of eligibles, rejecting them for various reasons. By week's end his strongest preference was for Arkansas Democrat J. William Fulbright, 55, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

A three-term Senate veteran, Fulbright is a former Rhodes scholar, was president of the University of Arkansas, is the father of the prestigious Fulbright Scholarship student-exchange program. An outspoken opponent of the late Senator Joe McCarthy, he was the lone Senator to

vote in 1954 against providing McCarthy with additional investigating funds. For his pains, Fulbright won a sneering sobriquet from McCarthy: "Senator Halfbright." As a persistent critic of Eisenhower foreign policies, Liberal Fulbright's views coincide closely with Kennedy's.

Yet despite his desire to appoint Fulbright, no one knew better than Kennedy that Fulbright has one great debit. One of the heaviest responsibilities of the new Secretary of State will be in dealing with restive African nations—and Fulbright, though no racist, is a political segregationist who remained conspicuously silent during the Little Rock school crisis in his home state.

To some Kennedy advisers, that fact alone was enough to eliminate Fulbright from consideration. (Said one: "We can't have a Secretary of State from Little Rock.") But as the moment of decision neared, Jack Kennedy still thought that Fulbright's talents outweighed his drawbacks—and that all the other top contenders also had drawbacks. He went off to Florida, still open to argument, still showing a strong inclination for making up his own mind in his own way.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

First Frontiersmen

President-elect Kennedy's first top-level appointees:

Abraham Alexander Ribicoff, 50, to be Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. "If I am elected," John Kennedy once promised, "Abe Ribicoff can be



ARKANSAS' SENATOR FULBRIGHT
Into the home stretch.

anything he wants to be in my Administration." One of Kennedy's first and staunchest supporters for President, Connecticut's popular, soufully handsome Ribicoff was considered a top candidate for U.S. Attorney General. Ribicoff turned down that job with the characteristic comment that he was out of practice as a lawyer—and besides, it would be politically hard on the new Administration for a Catholic and a Jew to lead any fight for integration. Son of an immigrant factory worker, Ribicoff escaped from the New Britain, Conn. tenements to win a law degree at the University of Chicago in 1933. After two terms on a Hartford police court, he spent four impressive years in Congress, narrowly (by 3,115 votes) edged out G.O.P. Incumbent John Lodge (brother of Cabot) in the 1954 gubernatorial race. As Governor, Ribicoff has faced Republican-controlled legislatures during most of his regime. Nonetheless, he has seen a surprising number of his major requests passed into law: one



WILLIAMS



Associated Press
BELL



HODGES



Phil Schatz—Black Star
RIBICOFF

A doctrinaire liberal, an economic pragmatist, a Southern enterpriser, and a Northern moderate.

of the nation's stiffest traffic-safety programs, court reform, abolition of a 300-year-old system of county government, \$350 million in bonds for new highways. Ribicoff is unlikely to be a Cabinet innovator, but should prove popular in carrying out orders of a chief whose welfare philosophy, he says, is "on all fours" with his own.

Luther Hartwell Hodges, 62, Secretary of Commerce. To Kennedy, North Carolina's outgoing Governor Hodges has a number of shining political virtues: he worked hard for the ticket in politically touchy North Carolina; he is trusted by the South; and he is respected and liked by the U.S. business community. An old pro with young ideas. Hodges is the Methodist son of a dirt-poor tenant farmer. He worked his way through the state university at Chapel Hill, spent 17 years with the Marshall Field & Co. textile empire,

Budget Bureau. Bell spent three years as a Marine combat tactics instructor and intelligence officer, went back to Washington in 1946 as a Budget Bureau examiner. A good writer and likable administrator, he soon caught the eye of Harry Truman's special counsel, Clark Clifford. Bell was eventually promoted to assistant to the chief of the Budget Office's fiscal division, later served three years as a speechwriter and administrative assistant in Truman's "kitchen cabinet." During the Eisenhower years Bell went back to Harvard, where in time he became secretary (assistant dean) in the Graduate School of Public Administration, served on the side as an economics adviser to the government of Pakistan. As an economic pragmatist, Bell sees the Budget Bureau as a positive instrument of presidential policy—rather than as a taxpayers' watchdog. He can thus be expected to

belong to the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League, and actively promoted Negroes for high Michigan office. Although his background in foreign affairs is thin, Williams visited Africa in 1958, has a quick ear for languages. Even those who distrust his doctrinaire liberalism expect that he will be an ingenious experimenter in his new job. "Whoever works with Soapy in the State Department," said a Michigan aide, "had better expect to get phone calls at any hour, including 3 a.m., when he gets an idea he wants to discuss. He'll call from Africa or anywhere else."

Cabinetry

The white Lincoln moved slowly through Georgetown's narrow streets, picked up speed as it headed downtown toward the Capitol. In the back seat President-elect Jack Kennedy fiddled with the electric window switch, then sat back and, as if thinking aloud, discussed the vast difficulties of forming a new U.S. Administration. "It's tough to find the kind of people we want," he said, "but we're coming along now."

At that moment last week Kennedy had already announced, or was ready to announce, several key appointments, and had all but finally decided on several others. For Secretary of Agriculture, he had in mind South Dakota's Democratic Congressman **George McGovern**, 38, an ex-Air Force hero who ran this year against Republican Senator Karl Mundt and lost. A onetime history professor at Dakota Wesleyan University, bright and energetic George McGovern in 1956 became the first Democrat in 20 years to be elected to high office in his state. His views on agriculture match Kennedy's: he favors high price supports, fat acreage cuts, and an all-out food-for-peace program. A second possibility for the job—and one eagerly promoted by such farm-state influences as Stuart Symington and Hubert Humphrey—was Missouri Farmer **Fred V. Heinkel**, 62, who for 20 years has been president of the important Missouri Farmers Association, the biggest statewide farm cooperative in the nation. If Heinkel got the nod, Kennedy planned to make George McGovern chief administrator of the food-for-peace program.

Kennedy's top choice for Secretary of the Interior was another young, aggressive Congressman: Arizona's **Stewart Udall**, 40, just re-elected for a fourth term. Heir to one of Arizona's most respected names (his father was Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court; three other Udalls have held office on state benches), Mormon Stew Udall has made his own reputation as an effective House liberal. A member of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, Udall holds strong opinions favoring public power, new conservation programs and greater understanding of Indian problems.

Not all went according to Jack Kennedy's plan. He very much wanted able New York Banker Robert Lovett, 65, in a key spot. One of Henry Stimson's and George Marshall's top men in the '40s, later Harry Truman's Defense Secretary, Republican



McGOVERN

R. KENNEDY

UDALL

"It's tough to find the people we want."

where he became a vice president, before taking his first political step in 1952. Then, on a friend's advice, he ran for lieutenant governor, won with surprising ease. Two years later, Governor William Ureid died of a heart attack, and Hodges moved into the executive mansion. Although a segregationist himself, he planned so successfully for school integration (of the token variety) that North Carolina has had fewer legal problems than almost any other Southern state. As Governor, Hodges traveled endlessly promoting new business, has lured more than \$1 billion in investment to North Carolina since 1954; at the same time he pushed stiff zoning laws past his legislature to prevent industrial blight. Hodges is a fiscal conservative who thrives on unorthodox operating procedure. "He's a perfectionist," says a friend. "He wants a report two weeks before he asks for it."

David Elliott Bell, 41, Director of the Budget Bureau. The least known of Kennedy's first appointees, Bell has good credentials. Born in Jamestown, N. Dak., towering 6 ft. 4 in., David Bell, a Presbyterian, graduated from California's respected Pomona College. He taught briefly in Harvard's economics department after earning his master's degree there in 1941, then signed on as an analyst for the

approach defense spending with essential needs instead of an arbitrary monetary ceiling in mind.

Gerhard Mennen Williams, 49, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. Early last March, greying, bow-tied "Soapy" Williams, announcing that he would not try for a seventh term as Governor of Michigan, brooded over his uncertain future. "I would like," he said, "to work for the cause of peace in some public office where I could be effective." Last week Soapy got part of his wish, with an appointment that President-elect Kennedy rated soothingly as "second to none in the new Administration." Actually, Williams had obviously hoped for Cabinet rank, perhaps the new job that Ribicoff got. During his twelve statehouse years, Princeton-educated Soapy Williams, an Episcopalian and heir to a shaving-soap fortune, was a tireless political administrator who took dedicated care of Michigan's welfare needs. That dedication earned him few plaudits from the G.O.P.-run legislature, which fought his tax programs so bitterly that the state last year narrowly avoided bankruptcy (\$110 million deficit in June 1959). If Arkansas' William Fulbright becomes Secretary of State, Williams' civil rights record would be expected to soften the blow; Williams

Bob Lovett is experienced and respected. One Kennedy staffer said that he wished there were three Lovetts, so that one each could be Treasury Secretary, Defense Secretary and Secretary of State. But Lovett has had a serious stomach operation, and regretfully turned down a Cabinet post.

And then there was the ticklish problem of Brother Bobby, 35. The President-elect wanted him as his U.S. Attorney General—and knew there would be an outcry against it. Jack Kennedy thinks crime needs major attention—not only juvenile delinquency but also labor racketeering (with particular reference to Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa). He also wants a good, hard look at the federal regulatory agencies, and feels that Bobby would make an able crime-busting investigator. But both brothers knew that there would be a fuss: Jack Kennedy argued that it would blow over. In private conversations he indicated a willingness to take the risk. "I'm going to have this job for four years," he said. "I want to do the best I know how. What counts is results."

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Life with Father

The dignified red-brick home at 3307 N Street in Washington's historic Georgetown section last week became a sort of center of Government—making more news than the White House. In and out all during the week hurried top-ranking Democrats. From time to time, John Fitzgerald Kennedy emerged to hold front-step press conferences, most often having to do with appointees to his new Administration team. But for all the affairs of state that weighed upon him, Jack Kennedy quite often seemed like any other bedraggled, bewildered father whose wife was away having another baby.

Only occasionally did he manage to get away to the relative quiet of his five-room suite in the old Senate Office Building. Late one afternoon, he padded through the mild Georgetown air to visit with Neighbor Dean Acheson—thus sparking rumors that Acheson would surely have a job in the new Administration. Kennedy breakfasted at home one morning with Foreign Policy Adviser Chester Bowles, who looked a little dour upon leaving—thus sparking rumors that he had not been offered the kind of job he had hoped for. Kennedy got a visit, too, from New Mexico's Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez, who offered Kennedy a cigar. Asked the President-elect, smilingly: "Did you just have a son?" Startled, Chavez, 72, said no—and hastily put the cigar back in his pocket.

Twice almost every day, Kennedy slipped over to the Georgetown University Hospital to see his wife and newborn son, John Jr., he told the press, would be baptized soon. Inevitably, a reporter asked Kennedy if he wanted his boy to grow up to be President. Replied the new papa, commonsensibly: "I haven't thought about it. I just want for him to be all right." After visiting the baby with his father, Millionaire Joe Kennedy, the Pres-

ident-elect revealed that "we finally decided who the baby looks like. He looks like Dad." Who decided that? Replied Jack: "Dad."

For the most part, it was Daughter Caroline, just turned three, who got Jack Kennedy's non-presidential attention and a lot of the photographers' as well. One unforgettable shot: the President-elect, emerging from church, unconcernedly hanging on to a rag doll. Brimming with Kennedy energy, Caroline scooted around everywhere, once squeezed through her father's legs to steal the scene from a Lyndon Johnson-Kennedy photo session. "Daddy," said she, "tie my shoes, please." Asked if she would call her baby brother "Jack," she replied: "No. His name is

politely rejected several bids to head foundations, universities and corporations. He has all but decided to take a senior partnership in a Los Angeles corporate-law firm, probably Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, which counts among its clients such blue chips as Swift & Co., Safeway Stores Inc.—and the Republican Party of California. The pay would probably come to a tidy sum of more than \$100,000 a year before taxes.

Friends and allies were already at work. In Los Angeles, supporters began to set up an office to answer Nixon's mail, plan lecture tours, help with speechwriting and strategy. In Washington, G.O.P. Congressmen invited Nixon to sit in on all meetings of the House-and-Senate Republican



CAROLINE KENNEDY & FRIEND IN FLORIDA
"It's time we retired her."

ASSOCIATED PRESS

John." But soon Kennedy called a halt to most of the press courting of Caroline: "I think she's been photographed enough—it's time we retired her."

That was easier said than done. And still eager and zippy at week's end, Caroline, with her father in tow, boarded a plane for a trip to Palm Beach. There one, and maybe both, were scheduled to get a little rest.

REPUBLICANS

Nixon's Future

"If Dick Nixon had to make a hard-and-fast decision right now about running for any public office," said a top Nixon aide last week. "His answer would be 'never again.'" Then the aide added dryly: "But that will probably change."

In fact, it seemed already to be changing. Nixon's main order of business last week was that of puzzling out the future—and the way he was leaning showed that another try was much in his mind. From what job and what base could he best operate? Sifting through a pile of gilded offers from all over the U.S., Nixon

policy committees. In Illinois, Missouri and Texas, Republicans were pressing for official recounts of the 1960 votes, less in hopes of upsetting Jack Kennedy than of taking the shine off Kennedy's victory. Nixon himself held no illusions about reversing the 1960 decision.⁶ planned to remain above the rumblings about crooked counts.

Nixon's most perplexing political problem in California is whether or not to run for Governor in 1962 against Democratic Incumbent Pat Brown. Brown at the moment appears vulnerable, and if Nixon were to contest and beat him, it would certainly increase Nixon's 1964 presidential chances. But a loss to Brown would

⁶ In Illinois, which Kennedy carried by 8,849 out of 4,710,000 votes, recounters last week had paded through only 56 of Cook County's 906 paper-ballot precincts, and Republicans claimed a net gain of 451 votes for Nixon. In New Jersey, Republicans called off the fight after early recounts came up with small Kennedy gains. In Missouri, recounts cannot get under way unless and until they are authorized by the Democrat-controlled state legislature, which does not meet again until January, just several days before the inauguration of President-elect Kennedy.



WOMEN JEERING FATHER DROLET



"CHEERLEADERS" & BOYCOTT RUNNER

Against an ecstasy of hatred, a show of moral force.

surely be the end of the Nixon road: Is the gain worth the big risk? Some Nixon advisers work on another thesis: come 1964, Kennedy may be riding a high crest of popularity. Nixon is still young. If 1964 looks unpromising for a Republican candidate, let Nelson Rockefeller or Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater run and lose. Then 1968 would be Nixon's.

All very heady theorizing about the long, long future. But in 1962 Nixon is going to be under strong pressure to test himself at the polls, and may find it impossible to duck California's gubernatorial race.

Rocky's Road

Another Republican was looking ahead to 1964, and already had his track suit on. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller told his first post-election press conference last week that he will run for reelection in 1962, planning to remain, at least until 1964, top officeholder in the nation's most populous state. And what did he think about Dick Nixon's fortunes these days? Nixon, answered Rocky, is "one of the vital forces in the Republican Party—but I don't think, frankly, between elections when a party loses the presidency, that the party has an actual head."

Next evening Rockefeller got an argument from none other than President Dwight Eisenhower. Arising to toast Nixon at a White House dinner, Ike said: "The Vice President will be the head of the Republican Party for the next four years, and he will have my support and the support of all those who are present tonight." Unfazed, Rockefeller the following day paid a scheduled call upon the President, shrugged off Ike's tribute to Nixon ("I would not want to debate with the President on that subject"), and issued a call for "collective leadership" of the G.O.P. Then he had a 90-minute breakfast with Nixon, and after the usual grinning, handshaking pose, said that he had been "having a wonderful meeting with the Vice President." Nixon, he said in answer to a question, was of course "the titular head of the party," which seemed to leave things back at the beginning, or almost.

THE SOUTH

The Battle of New Orleans

Each morning the women gathered in an ecstasy of hatred on the streets of New Orleans, where two schools had been ordered by U.S. courts to integrate. They shrieked like harriads, cursed, kicked and clawed at the few who dared brave their lines. At McDonough 19 School, a boycott by white pupils was complete: three Negro girls, all first-graders, attended alone. But at William Frantz School a six-year-old Negro girl was joined by two white children, then by four, then by six, and at week's end by ten. New Orleans seemed ready to return to the U.S.

The battle of New Orleans last week was fought both on the streets and in the courts. Methodically, relentlessly, the courts tore down segregation's façade. A three-judge federal panel denied the legality of interposition—the odd notion that a state government may interpose itself between the judgments of the U.S. Supreme Court and the people. Interposition, said the court, "is not a constitutional doctrine. If taken seriously, it is illegal defiance of constitutional authority."

The three judges further opened the way for the Orleans Parish School Board to claim \$1,362,000 in funds that had been ordered withheld by the Louisiana legislature; the ruling was immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, where hopefully it will receive top priority on the calendar as a matter of "paramount public importance." During the week, no less than 700 officials, including Governor Jimmie Davis, were federally enjoined against interfering with integration.

"I Won't Do It." As the legal struggle went against segregation, the fury of the mob outside the schools increased. The taunts grew more venomous. Husky men began to appear, ominously and silently, among the jeering women. The first to run the white boycott at William Frantz School was the Rev. Lloyd A. Foreman, 34, a Methodist minister. Walking his small daughter into the school, Foreman was shoved by the mob. "Don't touch me," he snapped. "You can talk to me—but don't touch me." Next to brave the mob were James and Daisey Gabrielle with

their daughter Yolanda, 6. Gabrielle, a worker in the New Orleans sewerage and water commission, guided Yolanda to safety while Daisey Gabrielle, swinging a big pocketbook, cleared a path through the crowd. "No mob's going to tell me what to do," said she. "If you give in to this mob, you have to give in to all of them, and I won't do it."

A native of Costa Rica and mother of six, Daisey had kept her daughter home when the school reopened after the Thanksgiving holiday: "I was so scared. Who am I to fight the whole state of Louisiana and the Governor, I asked myself." But later, she had second thoughts. "My conscience tore at me. I knew if I gave up, the minister would give up too, and there'd be no white child left."

Amid the growing tension, New Orleans' police reinforced their cordon around the school. That only seemed to make the mob angrier. Reporters and photographers were attacked. The Rev. Jerome Drolet, a Catholic priest who accompanied the Foremans to school one morning, was met with cries of "bastard," "Communist" and "nigger lover." Restlessly, the mob moved to the Foremans' frame cottage, stoned the family's black-and-white dog. "Look," cried one woman, "even their dog's integrated." When police shooed the women away, they went to a hospitable neighbor's lawn, where self-styled "cheerleaders" chanted their favorite doggerel: "Nigger lover, nigger lover, nigger lover, Jew, we hate niggers, we hate you." In front of the shabby public-housing apartment where the Gabriells live, a crowd of children waved Confederate flags and piped: "All I want for Christmas is a clean white school."

"We're Going to Help." Against the mob's passion, the Foreman and Gabrielle families wavered. The Foremans, harassed by obscene telephone calls, moved to the home of friends. Lloyd Foreman hesitated about bringing his little girl to school again. "Frankly," he said, "at this point, I don't know what they might try." Jim Gabrielle's boss told him—mistakenly—that his daughter had been shot. Daisey Gabrielle, ostracized by her neighbors, stood fast. "Neighbors change," she said. "Principles don't."

Then, almost overnight, a reaction seemed to set in. Both the Foremans and the Gabriels began getting sympathetic letters. Daisey Gabrielle and Yolanda were driven home from school by members of a housewives' volunteer committee. "We're gathering the people who want to send their children to school but need help," explained one of the volunteers. "We're going to help them. We might have to run a kind of Berlin airlift during the next week or two." The slowly growing number of white pupils at Frantz was still another evidence that the power of the mob was ebbing. In New Orleans, Jim Crow education was dying hard—but did seem to be dying surely.

Racist Leader

The symbol of Louisiana racism is a heavy man with pewtery hair, cold blue eyes, a cunning legal mind and a fanatic's zeal. To Leander Henry Perez, 68, there are just two kinds of Negroes: "Bad ones are niggers and good ones are darkies." Although he is not a member of the Louisiana legislature, Perez often operates out of a hideaway office in the skyscraper Baton Rouge capitol, has helped mastermind the legislative struggle against school integration. And at arousing the rabble, Perez has few equals. At a recent meeting of the New Orleans Citizens Council, Perez raised the battle cry against the four Negro girls in the city's first integrated schools: "Are you going to wait until Congolese rape your daughters? Are you going to let these burr-heads into your schools? Do something about it now!" For much of its present trouble, Louisiana can thank Leander Perez.

The seventh of 13 children of a Delta farmer, Perez was born in Plaquemines Parish (pop. 22,275), a spongy wilderness on the played toe of Louisiana, where the muskrats and the alligators outnumber the people. In Perez' lifetime Plaquemines

has risen, through the discovery of rich oil and sulphur deposits, from Louisiana's poorest back-bayou parish to one of its richest. Although he has never made more than \$7,000 a year as a public official, shrewd Leander Perez has become a multimillionaire through his law practice and interests in oil and sulphur lands in his native habitat.

Way of Life. Perez hopped into parish politics right after he got out of Tulane Law School in 1914. At 27 he was a district judge, in 1924 became district attorney for Plaquemines and neighboring St. Bernard's Parish—a position he gave up only this week, having airily announced that his son, Leander Jr., would take over the job. But lest anyone get the idea that he was retiring, Perez explained: "I intend to remain as assistant district attorney. The state constitution provides that the assistant district attorney has all the powers of the district attorney."

With Leander Perez, defiance is a way of life. In 1943, when Louisiana's Governor Sam Jones appointed a Plaquemines sheriff against Perez' wishes, Perez mobilized the able-bodied men of Plaquemines, including the American Legion, set up a flaming roadblock of gasoline-soaked oyster shells in an attempt to turn the appointee back. Frustrated by a convoy bristling with state militiamen, Perez retreated to mid-Mississippi on a ferryboat, resorted thereafter to a volley of lawsuits (15 at one time), finally defeated the Jonesman in a typically casual Delta election.

The Offensive. Again, when New Orleans' Roman Catholic Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel declared that segregation was sinful, Leander Perez breathed defiance. Himself a Catholic, he accused the Catholic hierarchy of "turning against their own people." The New Orleans parochial schools remained segregated, and fortnight ago, as Archbishop Rummel lay ill in a

hospital after a fall, Perez hinted that it was all because of his stand against segregation.

Now, although he has seen to it that schools in St. Bernard's Parish have opened their classrooms to white "refugees" from New Orleans, the battle against integration is going against Leander Perez. Some Louisiana newsmen believe that his influence is waning. But those who know him best think he is just waiting for his next move. "I always take the offensive," Leander Perez once said, daintily flicking an ash from his omnipresent cigar. "The defensive ain't worth a damn."

THE LAW

Even the Unsavory

The Apalachin raid was one of the most celebrated in U.S. police history: that spectacular occasion in November 1957 when New York State cops and federal agents picked up 63 high-muck-a-mucks of U.S. crimedom, all from one barbecue pit. That day, big-time hoods from as far away as Arizona and California arrived to roast steaks and toast marshmallows at the secluded estate of a beer distributor and longtime racketeer named Joseph Barbara.

The gathering did indeed seem downright suspicious. And if only the captured guests had been willing to tell the real purpose of their conclave, the policemen's lot would have been a happy one. As it was, many said that they had merely gone to visit the ailing Barbara, who has since died of heart trouble. Two said their car had broken down near by. Another swore that he had come to sell Barbara some fish. Barbara himself said that all the guests had been more or less unexpected—and he just happened to have about 200 pounds of steak on hand.

Convinced that the boys were hiding



NEGRO GIRL & U.S. MARSHAL



Don Uhrbrock

SEGREGATIONIST PEREZ



Associated Press

DAISEY GABRIELLE, DAUGHTER & MOB

If the defensive ain't worth a damn, take the offensive.

something, the Justice Department haled the lot of them before grand juries, and at length a U.S. District Court in Manhattan found 20 of them guilty of conspiring to obstruct justice by lying to the grand juries about their reasons for coming to Apalachin.

It was certainly an understandable temptation to throw the whole Apalachin crew into jail on general principles, but to many observers the convictions seemed a dangerous precedent. What the case added up to was legal incredulity at the notion that so many bums had gotten together for any innocent purpose.

Last week a U.S. Court of Appeals kicked the Government's case clean back to the barbed wire: the court, reversing the convictions of the 20 hoods, ordered the charges dismissed. The main point of the unanimous decision by the three judges: Since the Government had not tried to prove that the meeting, in and of itself, violated any state or federal law, how could it prove that the defendants had conspired to lie about their presence there? The Government's "boot-strap" handling of the case, wrote Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard, was wholly unwarranted. "Bad as many of these alleged conspirators may be, their conviction for a crime which the Government could not prove . . . and on evidence which a jury could not properly assess, cannot be permitted to stand."

Judge Charles E. Clark, in a concurring opinion, had even harsher words for the prosecution. The case, he wrote, suggests that "the administration of the criminal law is in such dire straits that crash methods have become a necessity . . ."

"A prosecution framed on such a doubtful basis should never have been initiated or allowed to proceed so far. For in America we still respect the dignity of the individual, and even an unsavory character is not to be imprisoned except on definite proof of specific crime."

ARMED FORCES

Forgotten Men

In a grim Moscow prison, two Americans while away the hours of their lonely confinement. They read Dickens, Thackeray and the Bible; they write letters to their wives. It has been nearly five months since Air Force Lieutenants F. B. Olmstead and John McKone and four companions were shot down in their RB-47 reconnaissance plane over the Barents Sea. The two young officers were captured, brought to Moscow on loudly trumpeted but plainly trumped-up charges of espionage. The body of one fellow airman was returned to the U.S.; the others are listed as missing.

In an eloquent argument before the U.N. at the time, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge protested that the RB-47 was on a legal reconnaissance flight, well beyond the limits of Russian territorial waters, that the crewmen were in uniform, and that they had made no pretense at concealment. Lodge offered to argue the case, backed up by evidence, before any international tribunal; the Soviets coldly



LIEUT. OLMSTEAD
"Nothing is happening."

turned the offer down. And there the matter lay.

There was no hullabaloo demanding their release, no publicity such as attended the case and trial of Francis Gary Powers—a well-paid civilian who admittedly flew his U-2 over Russia on a photomapping expedition for the Central Intelligence Agency. The men of the RB-47 were uniformed members of the Air Force, on regular duty and a legal mission.

Yet, since Lodge's strong statement in the U.N., the State Department has done nothing more than register regular fortnightly requests—which the Soviets as regularly ignore—for permission to interview the imprisoned men. The department has skipped from one excuse to another to explain its inaction: first it was the em-

barrassment of the Powers case, then it was the election. Recently, the lame explanation has been offered that nothing must be done until the new Administration takes office. When the Russians offered to return the airmen as a "gift" to the Kennedy Administration, the State Department had no comment—not even insisting again that the men are illegally held and the victims of Soviet piracy.

The wives and widows of the men of the RB-47 have abided by the department's request to keep quiet and wait. But waiting is difficult for young wives, and they can find small comfort in the dribbles of letters that manage to seep through the Communist censorship. Among the personal messages the prisoners were permitted to write to their families, a few notes gave an inkling, especially as the Christmas season approached, of their solitary anguish. "I can't believe that nothing is happening," wrote Bruce Olmstead, "and I do my best to make it from one day to the next, hoping that some decision will present itself." Said John McKone: "This is an ordeal. I don't think that either one of us will ever be the same . . . I have no idea what the future holds for us at this time."

LABOR

The Silent One

Labor unions, unlike duchies or debts, are not customarily passed down from father to son. Except in the Carpenters' union. From the time he was a schoolboy, Maurice Hutcheson was groomed as carefully as any prince to take over the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, which had long been the personal fief of his father, the late William ("Big Bill") Hutcheson. On his retirement in 1952, after 36 years as the dictator of the brotherhood, Big Bill simply turned the union over to his son.

Under Maurice's leadership, the Carpenters continued to thrive. Membership grew to 850,000, and the members boasted that theirs was the largest craftsmen's union in the world. Maurice, as quiet and dutiful as his father was bombastic and domineering, rarely had anything to say. In the executive council of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., where Maurice still ranks as a national vice president, he often sat through four-hour sessions without opening his mouth, soon became known as "Maurice the Silent." In the subsidized biography of Big Bill Hutcheson (for which the union, if not its rank-and-file members, cheerfully paid \$310,000), Author Maxwell Raddock described Maurice: "He seems to possess all the qualities of a leader; he is tall, he has a good heart, and he is moderate in everything, even in the use of his intelligence."

Three years ago, silent Maurice and two other union officials were indicted on charges of bribing a state official and making a fast \$81,000 in land sales for a scandal-scarred Indiana highways project. (They later turned the money over to the state.) When a Senate committee pressed him for the details, Maurice was as untalkative as ever; he ducked 18



LIEUT. MCKONE
"This is an ordeal."

questions without bothering to invoke the Fifth Amendment. Last May, Hetcheson was fined \$200 and sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of Congress. Last week, his troubles multiplying like wood shavings, Maurice and Carpenters' Vice President O. William Blair were sentenced to 2 to 14 years, fined \$250 and stripped of their right to vote or hold public office for five years. When he heard the verdict, Maurice, as usual, had no comment.

ESPIONAGE

Thanks to the FBI

At New York's Rockland State Hospital, Dr. Robert Soblen was looked upon as a crack psychiatrist, even if a crusty one. He took a fatherly interest in the 100 mentally distressed adolescent boys in his care, saw to it that they had weekly jukebox parties, inspired them to learn trades, helped many of them to rehabilitate themselves. Respecting his professional skill, other doctors overlooked his personal quirks: a nervous temper, a streak of arrogance. Many knew but few cared that Robert Soblen was the brother and image of confessed Communist Spy Jack Soblen, sentenced in 1957 to seven years in prison. But the Federal Bureau of Investigation did care.

For years the FBI tailed Dr. Soblen. He was aware of the chase and seemed to delight in it, on occasion slowing down his car so that the FBI car could catch up with him. Last week he displayed no surprise when FBI agents arrested him on a charge of wartime espionage, which could carry a death sentence. Taken to the federal courthouse in nearby Manhattan, Soblen pleaded not guilty, was jailed in lieu of \$75,000 bail. Coolly he asked the judge for permission to bid farewell to "the FBI gentlemen—they were nice enough." Then he bowed from the waist and waved to the agents. Said he: "Thank you very much, gentlemen."

According to the U.S. charges, as far back as 1940, Lithuanian-born Robert Soblen and his brother Jack made a bargain with Soviet Secret Police Chief Lavrenty Beria. The deal: both men agreed to come to the U.S. and set up separate spy rings, and Beria in exchange permitted their families—some 15 persons in all—to emigrate with them. Dr. Soblen, the Government charges, procured secret documents of the World War II Office of Strategic Services, information about an "atomic-bomb project on the Northwest Coast," photographs of the Sandia nuclear-weapons development center at Albuquerque—and arranged to deliver it all to the Soviets. Along the way, Soblen made contact with Hollywood Producer and U.S. Counterspy Boris Morros, who presumably contributed evidence to the case against Soblen (as apparently, did Brother Jack, who got off with a relatively light sentence for having talked long and loud).

Why had the FBI taken so long to nail Soblen? The FBI as usual had no comment. But presumably it wanted to gather more evidence, and had hoped to bag some co-conspirators along the way.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Remember Pearl Harbor

VESSELS MOORED IN HARBOR, NINE BATTLESHIPS; THREE CLASS-B CRUISERS; THREE SEAPLANE TENDERS; SEVENTEEN DESTROYERS, ENTERING HARBOR ARE FOUR CLASS-B CRUISERS; THREE DESTROYERS, ALL AIRCRAFT CARRIERS AND HEAVY CRUISERS HAVE DEPARTED HARBOR. NO INDICATION OF ANY CHANGES IN U.S. FLEET. "ENTERPRISE" AND "LEXINGTON" HAVE SAILED FROM PEARL HARBOR.

In his office at the Japanese consulate in Honolulu on the night of Dec. 6, 1941, Vice Consul Morimura, 27, glanced at this message, buzzed for his code clerk ordered the report sent to Tokyo and shortly went out to bed. At 0120 hours the next morning, Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, commander of a Japanese task force, received the relayed message from Tokyo. It was the last word required by



TAKEO YOSHIKAWA
History was in his palm.

Nagumo before mounting the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Vice Consul Morimura had done his job well.

Swimming Spy. The vice consul was not a diplomat, and his name was not really Morimura. He was Takeo Yoshikawa, former ensign in the Japanese Imperial Navy, who had been sent to Honolulu in April 1941 on espionage duty. Now, 10 years after Pearl Harbor, writing in the authoritative *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, Yoshikawa details his role as Japan's eyes and ears in the days before Pearl Harbor.

Yoshikawa trained for his job for four years, studying everything on the U.S. Navy that he could get his hands on *Jan's Fighting Ships*, U.S. books, brochures, newspapers, magazines (including *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*). Arriving in Honolulu, he set up his one-man operation. "I habitually rented aircraft at the John Rodgers airport in

Honolulu for my surveillance of the military air fields, and walked nearly every day through Pearl City where I could readily survey the airstrip on Ford Island and battleship row in Pearl Harbor." It was all quite simple: "I made many observations on underwater obstructions, tides, beach gradients and so forth, while on swimming expeditions."

Yoshikawa never dared to seek an accomplice among the local Japanese, who, he felt, were distressingly loyal to the U.S. "However, with all of my various sources of information, plus the local newspapers and radio . . . I was able to send a constant series of messages to Tokyo." In that stream was included information about the number and type of ships at Pearl Harbor, local defenses, location of fuel dumps, disposition of ships. He noted, among many other things, that U.S. battleships were often moored in pairs; this indicated that torpedo attacks against the inbound ships would be ineffectual. That report, he says, "caused a strong emphasis on dive-bombing with specially built bombs evolved from 16-in. armor-piercing shells."

Sunday Rainstorm. While Yoshikawa did not know the date of "X-Day," he did know that it was rapidly approaching. Near the end of November, a Lieut. Commander Suguru Suzuki arrived in Honolulu disguised as a ship's steward. He called on Consul General Nagao Kita and, "in the course of their conversation, slipped a tiny ball of crumpled rice paper into Kita's hand." The list contained 97 questions. The key question, promptly referred to Yoshikawa: "On what day of the week would the most ships be in Pearl Harbor on normal occasions?" Yoshikawa's reply: "Sunday." The final indication that the time was approaching came when Yoshikawa received orders to send his reports daily instead of thrice weekly.

Still he did not know of the attack until he heard the first bombs fall at 0755 hours on the morning of the 7th. "I thought it probably a maneuver, but rose and switched on the short-wave" to get the 8 o'clock news from Radio Tokyo. Twice during the weather forecast, the announcer reported "East wind, rain." That was the code signal indicating an attack against U.S. territory.* Yoshikawa immediately began burning his code books and other intelligence materials. When Federal Bureau of Investigation agents arrived that day to pick him up for eventual repatriation, the only incriminating sign of his activities that they found was a sketch of Pearl Harbor.

"Well," concludes Yoshikawa. "I am older now, and dwelling more in the past as the years go by. Some things certainly are ordained. And so it was that I, who was reared as a naval officer, never came to serve in action, but look back on my single top-secret assignment as the *raison d'être* of the long years of training in my youth and early manhood. In truth, if only for a moment in time, I held history in the palm of my hand."

* North wind, cloudy" would have meant war with Russia; "West wind, clear," with Britain.

FOREIGN NEWS

CHRISTENDOM

Summit at the Vatican

A black limousine flying the Union Jack swept past the colonnaded grandeur of the Piazza San Pietro and into a Vatican courtyard. Out stepped the Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, 73, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England. Escorted by the black-clad Chamberlain of Cape and Sword, the Archbishop strode by colorful Swiss Guards armed with halberds and entered the papal apartments. "Your Holiness, we are making history," said the Archbishop to Pope John XXIII. For an hour, alone except for an interpreter, the two churchmen spoke of matters temporal and spiritual.

By the wish of both, the occasion was attended by a minimum of ceremony and

most eminent men of his realm: Sir Thomas More and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. In the Roman Catholic revival under Henry's daughter the Queen the English called "Bloody Mary," nearly 300 persons were burned to death as heretics. Under Queen Elizabeth I. over 100 Roman Catholics went to the scaffold as traitors.

Both prelates—like today's political leaders of the West—were worried lest they raise false hopes that all differences can be settled by a meeting at the summit. Vatican observers said hopefully that "a first and significant step has been taken." and Pope John saw the meeting going "only as far as the threshold of great problems." A cautious spokesman for the Church of England said, "His Holiness expressed to the Archbishop his great desire to increase brotherly feelings among all men, and especially among all Christians." But as the Archbishop had observed in advance: "Talking trivialities is in itself a portent of great significance. The pleasantries may be pleasant but profoundities." He seemed relieved that the interview had been private: "I am quite happy there were no pictures. All sorts of things might have been read into them—odious comparisons made."

Which Is Greatest? The Archbishop made clear his hopes for the future in a sermon delivered the night before his meeting with the Pope. Citing some lines from the Gospel According to St. Luke ("Then there arose a reasoning among them which of them should be the greatest"), the Archbishop discussed the long separation of the two churches. "The cold war was indeed a war," he said. "A strife for victory, for converts, for political power in many countries with victims and martyrdoms and cruelties and oppressions. That period is not altogether past, but it is passing."

He concluded strongly: "We no longer need forbid one another. For if we are not against one another any longer, we are for one another, and so can be gloriously free to be altogether for Christ and for the true unity of his Church. I say deliberately 'unity' not 'union,' for church union or reunion rests upon a reconciliation of jurisdictions and authorities. But unity is only of the spirit, and into that spirit... the churches can enter readily, and are indeed entering now."

RUSSIA

Manhattan in the Spring

Nikita Khrushchev may not have amused anybody else with his table-thumping and shoe-pulling at the U.N. last fall, but he obviously enjoyed himself hugely. Last week, as his own summit meeting in Moscow of the world's Communist leaders broke up in guarded politeness, Nikita Khrushchev announced that he would like to come back to Manhattan next spring and have all the world's lead-

ers come too. After a state visit from Cambodia's amiably neutralist Premier Prince Norodom Sihanouk Khrushchev put his signature to a declaration that Russia and Cambodia "regard as advisable the convocation in the spring of 1961 of a special session of the U.N. General Assembly with the participation of heads of state or governments." Topic: disarmament.

Khrushchev has made no secret of the fact that he is most anxious to meet new U.S. President John F. Kennedy.

Goodbye Pchelka

Somewhere in the Russian hinterland last week a giant rocket hurled aloft a five-ton spaceship containing two dogs named Pchelka (Little Bee) and Mushka



POPE JOHN XXIII

... on the threshold.

ARCHBISHOP FISHER IN ROME
After 400 years...

an absence of cameras. But the meeting marked the end of 400 years of church history. Four centuries ago that great roaring barrel of a man, King Henry VIII of England, decided to end his marriage with his Spanish queen. He was confident of support from Rome, where he had already been hailed as "Defender of the Faith" for his writings against the protestantism of Martin Luther, but Pope Clement VII refused an annulment. On this issue of supremacy, Henry VIII defied the Church of Rome.

To the Scaffold. The schism brought wars, rebellion, and shaped the history of Britain. Henry VIII beheaded the two

(Little Fly), a quantity of other unspecified plants and animals, and myriad electronic gadgets for keeping radio tab on the passengers.

It was the third of its kind. The first launched last May with a dummy astronaut aboard, went out of control and was not recovered. Cosmic Ship II launched in August with animal passengers, was safely lowered to earth, and Nikita Khrushchev boasted that the launching was "a step to man's flight into space." To a newsman's question why Cosmic III weighed 82 lbs. less than Cosmic II, Khrushchev replied: "It's big enough for a man to eat his dinner inside." It was also roughly twice the size of the biggest sat-

elite that the U.S. has yet managed to fire into orbit.

But Cosmic III was soon in trouble. Allied trackers around the world noted that Cosmic III's original orbit (only 154.7 miles above the earth at its apogee, 111.04 miles at its perigee) was the lowest yet assumed by any satellite, Russian or American, and dangerously close to the upper atmosphere. After the spaceship had made 18 revolutions around the earth, U.S. and British trackers suddenly lost contact with it.

Hours later, Tass conceded that Cosmic III had gone astray. When the signal was given for the return of the spaceship satellite to earth, "the spaceship descended along a noncalculated trajectory" and "burned up on entering the dense layers of the atmosphere."

In the usual manner of space publicists, the Russian scientists insisted that, before the burnout, "the planned program" had been accomplished and "the information obtained yielded new data for manned space flight in the near future."

Enterprisers' Mite

In principle, all the food that Russians eat comes, or should come, from either collective or state-owned farms. But in stubborn practice, an astonishingly high proportion of the Russian diet, especially on its tastier side, is still supplied by private farming. Last week a new Soviet handbook provided statistics:

¶ In 1959, city and village dwellers tending backyard gardens, and collective or state farm workers cultivating private gardens limited to one acre, turned out 46% of all the meat, 30% of all the green vegetables, 49% of all the milk, 65% of all the potatoes, and 80% of all the eggs consumed in Russia. The excess above home consumption is sold in the network of officially tolerated produce markets to which Russian housewives turn when goods are unobtainable in state stores.

¶ The official Russian policy is that in due time, as the food supplies in state stores become more plentiful and cheaper, private gardening and the keeping of cows and chickens, etc., will wither away. There is as yet no evidence this is happening. Despite an official campaign to compel private farmers to sell all livestock to the state, a third of the beef cattle, half of the milkers, and four-fifths of the goats are still peasant-owned.

NORTH AFRICA

Racing the Clock

President Charles de Gaulle's talk of an "Algerian republic" angered Algeria's European extremists, distressed many Frenchmen and left the Moslem rebels unimpressed. But it made one major convert: Habib Bourguiba, 57, President of Tunisia, who in a fit of exasperation last October welcomed Communist aid to the F.L.N. rebels. Last week Bourguiba was hailing De Gaulle's proposal as a "big step forward" and using his impressive behind-the-scenes talents to persuade the

F.L.N. to give De Gaulle a final chance.

Bourguiba is busily rounding up support among the new African states to the south (pointedly omitting left-leaning Ghana and Guinea) to go easy on France in this week's Algerian debate at the U.N. Bourguiba's argument: if De Gaulle gets his expected large majority in the Jan. 8 referendum and deals firmly with the threat of violence from the European extremists in Algeria, the way will then be open for Bourguiba and his allies to act as neutral observers in Algeria's eventual vote on self-determination, thus giving the F.L.N. rebels "serious guarantees" that it will be a fair referendum. Then the F.L.N. could achieve power by peaceful political process. Explained a Tunisian official: "If De Gaulle's latest behavior reflects a sincere desire to decolonize Al-

MAURITANIA

Why Not Corsica?

Last week the vast but thinly populated 160,000 French territory of Mauritania became the 18th nation to achieve independence this year. Tunisia quickly recognized it, but Morocco refused to, claiming Mauritania as a lost province willfully withheld from it by France. In October Morocco's fiery Deputy Premier, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, 31, flew to Tunis to convince President Habib Bourguiba that he should back the Moroccan claim to Mauritania. Recalls Bourguiba: "The crown prince went so far as to say, 'If ever you want to lay claim to Sicily, we Moroccans will support you.' Sicily? Why not Nice and Corsica? That young man will just have to grow up."



David Longman—6) Punch
"KIND OF YOU, LADY," HE SAID, "BUT WE HAVEN'T REACHED THAT STAGE YET."

THE ALLIES

Charity Case

Western Europe last week was amazed and bemused at the sight of the rich U.S. suddenly talking like a poor relation. Cartoonists pictured a tattered Ike holding out his hat as horrified Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard told West German Chancellor Adenauer. "He says we have to make the same sacrifices in peacetime as we did during the war!" In Bonn, at a dinner given by the U.S. embassy for Secretary of the Treasury Anderson, one very senior German whispered jokingly to a colleague: "I hope the ambassador can afford to feed us." The *London Daily Herald* had a nice old British lady tip-toe to five G.I.s and offer to repay past U.S. generosity by sending food parcels to help "your dear ones over the economic crisis." The *Daily Mail's* Columnist John Jelley found a silver lining in the gold crisis (see BUSINESS), because now Americans "will be forced to realize

geria—and we think it does—there will soon be no point in the F.L.N.'s carrying on a shooting war or receiving massive military aid from the Communists."

Hot Opposition. It was now up to De Gaulle himself to put his prestige on the line again. This week he will go to Algeria to explain his policies to the French army and the hostile European *colons*, who are already talking of demonstrations.

Maybe some European *colons* might mull over the news from Morocco next door. After indulging French naval patrols, the Communist freighter *Bulgaria* docked at the Moroccan harbor of Tanizir, unloaded 3,400 tons of arms, including 14,000 rifles and automatic weapons, which were promptly shipped to the town of Oudjda near the Algerian border. Though the Moroccans last week insisted that the arms were for their own use, French intelligence agents believe the shipment was paid for by Red China. If so, it is the first tangible result of the recent visit of F.L.N. Chief Ferhat Abbas to Peking.

that the world is not, after all, half antique shop and half soup kitchen with them as guardian angels of both. And we will once again start looking towards our own ingenuity and enterprise and guts to protect us against the squalls and earthquakes of an unstable world."

Punch hurried valiantly into the breach with a supposititious Tourist Council brochure, which assures impoverished Americans that they are still welcome in Britain, where "our hospitality can be tailored to your diminished purse." Some helpful items:

❶ "In the days of your prosperity you would doubtless have made the conventional rounds, London, Stratford, Winchester, Bath, Windsor, walking on a carpet of your own dollars. To-day, when every cent must pay its way, new glories await you." In inexpensive Staffordshire, visit "Walsall, one of the few guide-book towns with absolutely nothing under 'Features of Interest' or 'nearby Smethwick, with its locally popular Victoria Public Park (no charge).'"

❷ "Our free libraries and reading-rooms are ideal for forgetting hunger pangs, and are well patronized by Britons eager to strike up an interesting silence . . . Sympathizers with your plight will readily escort you on tours of gasworks, municipal offices and other near show-places such as the British Transport Commission or any of the more liberal-minded Catchment [Drainage] Boards." A cheap half-day tour: "two building sites, waits in selected Mayfair bus-queues, a good look at Aldgate Pump."

❸ In a final edged note, *Punch* presents useful new phrases tailored to newly poor U.S. tourists. Recommends *Punch*: Instead of saying, "Will you folk never learn to make a chilled martini?", say "I am acquiring a taste for mild ale." For "Yeah, we did Scotland last week-end," substitute "I think we can afford the fare to Banbury." For "Keep the change, kid," try "Thank you."

The U.S.'s allies were properly appreciative of the seriousness of the U.S. plight, and in serious moments serious about it. But some found it hard at all times to keep an altogether straight face.

GHANA

The Meddler

By common consent in Accra, President Kwame Nkrumah, 41, is far too big a man for a small (pop. 6,000,000) land like Ghana; all his admirers think that *Osagyefo* (Great Man), as he is known around town, should be shared with the rest of Africa. No one endorses this thesis more enthusiastically than *Osagyefo* himself, who has made almost a fulltime career of meddling in the affairs of other African nations.

Nkrumah's slogan is Pan-Africanism, but his neighbors have long been convinced that the main target is extension of Ghana's—and Nkrumah's—own realm. Early this year, he espoused the cause of the dissident Sanwi tribesmen in the Ivory Coast on his western border, with the



GHANA'S NKRUMAH
Anybody here speak French?

clear aim of winning their territory over to Ghana; on his east, he tried the same tactics with the Ewe tribal groups in hopes of disrupting newly independent Togo.

Vanishing Respect. For his trouble, Nkrumah gained nothing more than the suspicion of African leaders who once respected Africa's first successful freedom fighter. Observed the Ivory Coast's urbane President Félix Houphouët-Boigny: "I must make it clear to Nkrumah that he has neither the right nor the means to annex the smallest piece of the Ivory Coast." Asked Togo's Premier Sylvanus Olympio: "Does he really expect to absorb us with his puny bunch of tin soldiers and those two minesweepers he calls a navy? The man must be crazy!"

Failing to extend his own borders, Nkrumah then turned to grandiose but empty schemes like the wildly trumpeted Ghana-Guinea "union," an unlikely alliance in which Guineans who spoke only French were expected to sit in on Accra Cabinet meetings with Ghanaians who spoke only English, and vice versa. When Guinea's Sékou Touré got the \$11 million loan from Nkrumah that went with the deal,

he contemptuously let the rest of the arrangement—one flag, common currency, customs union—slide into oblivion.

Try, Try Again. But the worst debacle was Nkrumah's clumsy intervention in the Congo's chaos. "Whenever in doubt, consult me, brother," wrote Nkrumah to Premier Patrice Lumumba in September. "We have been in the game for some time now, and we know how to handle the imperialists." (As a Commonwealth Prime Minister, Nkrumah delights in his status as a member of the Queen's Privy Council, but never loses a chance to belabor "British imperialists".) Last week, with Lumumba in a jail cell and President Kasavubu recognized by the U.N. as the Congo's legitimate ruler, it was clear that Nkrumah had bet on the wrong man in the Congo; his own Ghanaian chargé d'affaires, ham-handed Nathaniel Welbeck, had been thrown out of Léopoldville in disgrace and the latest plenipotentiary of diplomatic replacements from Accra turned back and sent home. Once again, *Osagyefo's* foreign policy was in tatters.

Seeking to divert attention from this humiliation, Nkrumah fired off a note to U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld charging the U.S., Britain and France with supporting a Belgian effort to regain control of the Congo. Then he advised the U.N. haughtily that he had proposed to nine other African nations* the formation of an independent African military command to handle such difficult assignments in the future. Since he had not invited such unsympathetic nations as Nigeria (most populous country in Africa) or those of the French Community (except for Mali), he avoided the risk of a mass rejection; but even most of the countries Nkrumah canvassed would doubtless give him a polite no.

In case this project did not come off, Nkrumah had another dazzler up his sleeve. Back from a trip to Bamako, capital of poverty-stricken, landlocked Mali (pop. 4,500,000), he proudly announced the formation of another union. Henceforth, he said, the Ghana and Mali parliaments would meet jointly, to promote the growing unity movement in Africa—though the two countries have no common border or language. It was onward and upward for *Osagyefo*.

U.A.R.

Unemployed Savior

Another man who feels the heavy weight of a continent on his shoulders is Gamal Abdel Nasser, who in 1954 wrote from faraway Cairo, "The Dark Continent is now the scene of a strange and excited turbulence . . . We shall not stand idly by . . ." With his own words ringing in his ears, Nasser sent cultural missions to all the new black nations and appointed vigorous Ambassador Murad Ghaleh as Cairo's man on the board of the Congo's International Diplomatic Society for the Preservation of Patrice Lumumba. But last



* U.A.R., Morocco, Tunisia, Libya, Sudan, Mali, Ethiopia, Guinea, Liberia.

week, soon after Kwame Nkrumah's Ghanaian chargé d'affaires was thrown out on his ear for overzealous tinkering in local affairs, the Congo's President Kasavubu bluntly invited Nasser to withdraw the U.A.R.'s plotting Galeb and staff as well.

Astonished at this ingratitude, Nasser turned to an old Cairo weapon of reprisal: nationalization. Since the Congo itself owns nothing in Egypt he could nationalize, he grabbed all the big Belgian companies in town (seven major firms, including the Belgian-controlled Sheppard's Hotel) on the theory that the Belgians must be whispering in Congolese ears.

CONGO

Bringing Him Back Alive

It was a gala day in Léopoldville, and as President Joseph Kasavubu's plane touched down at Ndjili airport, dozens of diplomats and 10,000 of the citizenry endured the sweltering heat to welcome the Hero of Manhattan who had won U.N. acceptance as the Congo's leader. When the drenching rain began that evening, the gay crowds had scattered, and Kasavubu was enjoying himself at a homecoming banquet given in his home. Over at Patrice Lumumba's house, the Congolese guards took shelter in a garage; in the downpour, no one noticed the black limousine that slipped into Lumumba's driveway, then raced out again with its furtive passenger.

It was late the next morning before anyone realized that Patrice Lumumba had escaped. Hastily, Military Boss Colonel Joseph Mobutu dashed to a telephone to sound the alarm and begin the chase. Out went telegrams to outposts around the country ordering "nationwide vigilance by every Congolese to capture the traitor"; roadblocks were set up on all the roads, and runways at the airport were blocked just in case Lumumba was still in town. Lumumba himself left a note behind say-



LUMUMBA IN HANDCUFFS
After the rain clears.

ing that he had merely gone to Stanleyville to attend the funeral of one of his children who had died.

But when Colonel Mobutu's troops finally got their hands on the fleeing Lumumba, he already was beyond remote Port Francqui, a steamboat stop on the Kasai River, 400 miles from Leopoldville. As angry crowds surrounded the Port Francqui police station shouting "Judas" and "Traitor," the soldiers wired their army boss to collect Lumumba immediately, or they would shoot him for treason. Sternly, Mobutu sent back word not to harm the prisoner and dispatched a plane to pick him up. "I cannot judge him. He must defend himself before the courts," explained Mobutu.

When the plane returned a few hours

later, the disheveled Lumumba, his hands manacled behind his back, was pushed at gun point into the back of an army truck where he squatted sullenly in his shirt-sleeves for the ride to Colonel Mobutu's home in an army camp nearby. "We've got him, we've got him! Come and look!" cried soldiers, twisting his head for the benefit of photographers, and the crowds along the route jeered and cursed the man who once was Premier.

The King & 800 Wives

On the farthest fringes of the central Congo rain forest lives fat King Lukengu monarch of the peace-loving Bakuba and their subject tribe, the Bakete. Far as he is from the fighting and feuding in the new republic's cities, King Lukengu has nonetheless been roughly handled by democracy. Reason: his 800 wives.

The wives—some inherited from his predecessor, some the gift of subjects eager to display loyalty, and some simply picked out by the monarch himself—were more than companions to King Lukengu. They sang his praises, danced at his orders, embroidered the exquisite raffia tapestries on the walls of his jungle palace, and when he sneezed they applauded, as royal protocol prescribes. But most important of all, they were obliged to support him—to supply him with food and all his other needs.

King Lukengu's troubles began last summer when the Congo became a republic and the new provincial government of Kasai decreed that it was "undemocratic for one man to keep 800 wives in a life of semi-serfdom. 'We have our freedom now,' said Kasai President Barthélemy Mukenge, 35, "and these women must have theirs."

The man chosen to break the news to the King was David Mputukanga, a member of the subject Bakete tribe, who obviously relished the task. Escorted by a group of impressively armed soldiers,



KING LUKENGU



KING'S WIVES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Under sagging raffia walls, a sad case of nonsupport.

Mputukanga toured the outlying villages, where the King stabled more than half his wives, called the women in and asked if they wanted their freedom. To a woman, they did. There remained the 350 wives at the royal village of Mushenge itself. Waiting till the King set out on one of his periodic visits to another part of the forest, Mputukanga rushed in with his armed escort, polled the palace girls too. Returning, the King was enraged to find that all but a meager cadre of 50 wives had decamped.

Throughout the land of the Bakuba, village after village jumped with excitement as the girls celebrated their freedom. At one hamlet, twelve miles from King Lukengu's seat, Mlawota, 25, a royal wife since childhood and mother of one of Lukengu's many sons, threw her arms wide in joy and happily declared: "Mputukanga has guns, and the King has only spears." Emboldened by the breakup of the royal harem, the King's Bakuba subjects are holding back taxes and their traditional gifts to the king.

Hidden away behind the now-sageing raffia walls of his palace, King Lukengu himself is a broken man. He looks far older than his 60 years (as a man with 500 wives well might), and his rheumatism has grown so bad that a manservant has to raise him to a sitting position to receive callers.

U.N.

Who Foots the Bill?

Fortnight ago Dag Hammarskjöld warned the U.N.'s 99 member nations that his treasury was "virtually empty." He got respectful enough sympathy from everyone else, but as usual, it was the U.S. that quietly put up the \$20 million, which should carry the U.N. through to the end of the year.

The advance from the U.S. was earmarked for U.N. funds to aid underdeveloped countries, but the U.N. was free to use it as a stopgap to foot the rising bill for the United Nations' Congo operation, which is currently running at \$10 million a month. The Russians are already more than \$10 million in arrears on their other assessed payments and continue to duck any responsibility for the Congo operation. Asked to cough up, they offered nothing whatever except a piece of advice: the U.N. should get out.

The Russians let the U.S. pick up 48% of the cost of the Children's Fund while they paid a mere 2.45%. Paid only a grudging \$2,000,000 to the U.N.'s Technical Assistance Fund as against the U.S.'s \$30 million. They declined to contribute for the United Nations Emergency Force, which was moved into the Middle East after the British-French debacle at Suez. They did not even bother to join such U.N. voluntary agencies as the Food and Agriculture Organization and the Office of the High Commissioner for Refugees, which supports, among others, refugees from Hungary and Algeria. And despite the Russians' crocodile tears over the plight of Arab refugees, they contributed

nothing whatever to their support; the U.S. paid \$23 million.

Excluding the still-undetermined cost of the Congo operation, the U.S. in 1960 found itself paying \$116 million, or 38% of the U.N.'s total expenditures of \$300 million. Russia's total contribution: \$17 million.

GREAT BRITAIN

Call Me Mister

In the Gothic vastness of the House of Parliament, a blond young Englishman wandered familiarly through the members' smoking room, the green-carpeted corridors of the Commons and its stone-flagged lobbies. But although he was duly



Associated Newspapers Ltd.
THE SECOND VISCOUNT STANSFORD
Titles belong to fairy tales

elected to Parliament from South-East Bristol in 1950 and returned three times since, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, 35, dared not enter the Commons chamber last week. The reason: upon the death of his father, Tony Wedgwood Benn had become the second Viscount Stansgate. As a peer, he was ineligible to sit in the House of Commons.

By his own account, Laborite Tony Benn first dreamed of becoming an M.P. when most of his boyhood chums were still aspiring to become locomotive engineers. He realized his dream at 25, rose rapidly in Labor Party ranks, last year was transport "minister" in Labor's shadow Cabinet. But ever since his elder brother was killed while serving in the R.A.F., the shadowy menace of "the other place" (as the Commons calls the House of Lords) has hung over Tony.

Not Convertible. Six years ago, seeking to shake off the shadow, Tony plotted to get rid of his peerage in advance. His blonde, U.S.-born wife Caroline cheerfully agreed to forgo the name, state and dignity of a viscountess. "Titles belong in fairy tales," said she. Tony also had

the support of his father, a distinguished colonial administrator and longtime M.P. who had helpfully accepted his peerage only to help swell Labor's strength in the House of Lords. (The life peerage, which does not pass on to descendants, had not yet been created.) Between them, Tony and his father researched the history of the peerage for the past 700 years.

In the House of Lords, Tony first asked for permission to renounce his peerage. The lords refused. Next his father offered the Wedgwood Benn (Renunciation) bill, which would allow the title to remain in abeyance at least in his lifetime. "My son is not of noble blood," Lord Stansgate pleaded. "He is a commoner and wants to remain a commoner." He cited Winston Churchill, who himself has steadfastly refused a peerage on the ground that "it is a terrible thing for a father to doom his son to political extinction." Implacably, Lord Hastings, whose title dates back to 1290, replied: "You cannot make a peerage a convertible commodity," and the bill was rejected 52-24.

Life or Death. Late last month, when the first Viscount Stansgate finally died at 83, Tony Wedgwood Benn found himself in limbo. The very day the old viscount breathed his last, the Commons cut off his now titled son's pay; all the young Benns, including four small children, were left without means of support. Tony's unemployment status was made official when his national insurance cards were returned. Nobody listened when the hapless peer insisted that everyone keep calling him just plain Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn. When he applied for the usual M.P.'s railroad pass to visit his constituency in Bristol, Viscount Stansgate was told to pay for the ticket himself.

Unregarded to his fate, Tony Benn mailed his viscounty patent back to the Lord Chamberlain at Buckingham Palace. Last week he watched from the Commons visitors' gallery as Home Secretary "Rab" Butler helpfully proposed that the Committee of Privileges investigate the question of whether Benn's parliamentary privilege had been violated. As a last resort, Benn could still defy the 1678 rule barring peers from Commons by standing for and winning re-election to the House—the device by which Charles Bradlaugh in the late 19th century overturned the rule barring atheists from Commons.

"Mr. Benn deserves to succeed," proclaimed the London *Times*, noting that the rule making peerages irrevocable was originally intended to strengthen the House of Lords against the subversive influence of the King. Added the *Times* dryly: "That threat has since receded."

NEW ZEALAND

Upset Down Under

So cosseted are New Zealanders by the costly welfare state of the Labor Party that most have become almost soporific. In power for 17 of the past 25 years, the Labor Party has set up a womb-to-tomb socialist program that provides baby bonuses, housing allowances, tax-paid medi-



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cal care, and even off-track betting services. The islands have full employment, no poverty, but little wealth; more than 20% of the labor force is on the government payroll and nearly 50% of the population receives some sort of government pension. But tired of the controls and exorbitant costs of the welfare benefits, New Zealanders trooped to the polls, and, in a record vote last week, sent the socialist government to a crushing defeat, returning to power the conservative National Party.

Labor's decline began shortly after the 1957 general elections. Campaigning on a platform of reduced taxes and tax rebates, the party slipped back into power with a paper-thin two-vote majority in New Zealand's 80-seat, one-chamber Parliament. But within months Labor Prime Minister Walter Nash, now 78, announced that a balance-of-payments financial crisis had forced his government to renege on its campaign promises. To pay its bills, the government slapped new taxes on beer, tobacco and petrol, which more than canceled the tax rebates. Above all, New Zealand's voters were irritated by the feeling of pervasive government supervision of their tight little, right little island nation. A frequent gripe is that in the midst of prosperity, no one can buy an automobile except after paying exorbitant import duties and taxes (137% on U.S. cars), and even then the red tape makes delivery a matter of months.

New Zealand's new Prime Minister is Keith J. Holyoake, 56, who will have a solid ten-vote majority in the new Parliament. The son of a farmer, Holyoake left school at twelve to help run the family farm in Riwaka. He finished his education with correspondence courses, has been in Parliament since 1932, save for one five-year break.

A conciliator rather than an innovator, Holyoake will maintain most of the Labor Party's existing welfare programs, but

will call a halt to further nationalization in an effort to stimulate the renewed growth of private enterprise. With Labor's leadership either enfeebled by age or shot down in the election returns, the National Party is preparing for a long stay in power.

THE PHILIPPINES Road to the 20th Century

Only 35 miles from Manila, the Philippine barrio (village) of Santo Niño is a town out of the Middle Ages—without plumbing, electricity or medicine. One cause of Santo Niño's squalor is its isolation; for centuries its only access to the outside world has been a winding trail over which common folk move on foot, the more prosperous on donkey-back. Last week, sweating under the tropical sun, 200 half-naked men and boys from Santo Niño were hacking out a broad, five-mile highway to take out the village's production of timber, copra and rice, and in return bring in the 20th century.

Santo Niño's farm-to-market road is part of a quiet revolution in the Philippines' 24,000 rural villages. Bureaucratically known as PACD (for office of the Presidential Assistant on Community Development) and financed by the U.S. International Cooperation Administration and the Philippine government, the four-year-old village-improvement program shines out in startling contrast to the grubby corruption that has come to dominate Philippine public life once again under the regime of indulgent President Carlos Garcia.

Poll Watcher. At a total cost of \$30 million, PACD has raised rice production through village-scaled irrigation projects to as high as 5,000 lbs. per acre (nearly five times the Philippine average), reseeded fishermen's depleted oyster beds, supplied farmers with 10,000 brood sows and helped set up barrio councils to promote self-government. In the process, PACD has made itself the Philippines' most effective weapon against the still-present Communist-led Hukbalahap guerrillas, whose strength has always rested on the misery of the islands' 19 million barrio residents.

The man behind PACD is Ramon P. Binamira, 31, who while still at University of the Southern Philippines law school organized 30,000 Filipino students into a poll-watching corps whose vigilance contributed notably to the 1953 clean election of the Philippines' late beloved President Ramon Magsaysay. Once in office, Magsaysay wanted to give Binamira a Cabinet post, but he decided instead to live a while among the barrio people, who constitute the submerged 70% of the Filipino population.

The barrio Binamira chose was a fishing village whose people were starving because commercial trawlers had taken all the fish out of the bay. Binamira led a legal fight to force the trawlers to stay three miles offshore so that the village fishermen in their outriggers would have a chance. He also helped Magsaysay to



PACD's BINAMIRA
New hands on the plow.

set up a special office to train idealistic young Filipinos for village service.

A Thin Line. Today some 1,500 young Filipinos work for PACD. The requirements are stiff: out of 100 to apply, only eight pass the written exam, and of these only four, on the average, are selected. To avoid a handout psychology, Binamira gets villagers to contribute up to half the cost of each project, in goods or services. Result: the actual cash spent goes a long way. One village built its own copra-drying plant, used part of the profit to add two classrooms to the local school.

Though many of his henchmen resent PACD's immunity to political pressure, President Garcia has always kept hands off it, aware that interference with its operations might well mean the end of U.S. aid for the project.* But with a presidential election coming up next year, Garcia already made it plain that he and his Nacionalista Party will claim all possible credit for PACD's success. Said he last week: "I know PACD is not a political organization; but I'd like to believe the people will show their gratitude." Binamira—whose own political potential looks great to Manila's form makers—is too cagey to dispute Garcia's claims, but he loses no chance to proclaim his opposition to any political interference in PACD. Says he: "Only a thin line separates order from chaos in the rural Philippines. In the hands of a demagogue we'd be lost."

* Two weeks ago, checking into the Philippine Ministry of Agriculture's handling of U.S. aid funds earmarked for tree fertilizer for peasants, ICA uncovered instances of improper distribution, entered a prompt—though probably vain—demand for repayment of its \$3,400,000.



ASSOCIATED PRESS
CONSERVATIVE HOLYOAKE
New balm for bruises.

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Warning Beneath the Cliff

Tragic coincidences are not uncommon in Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo's Dominican Republic. Last week Trujillo's mouthpiece, *El Caribe*, reported another: the curious case of three wellborn sisters noted for their opposition to the Dictator. They were found dead near the wreckage of a Jeep at the bottom of a 150-ft. cliff on the north coast of the tight little island. Said *El Caribe*: "The accident in which Driver Rufo Cruz and the sisters Patria Mirabal de Gonzales, Minerva Mirabal de Tavarez and Maria Teresa Mirabal de Guzman died is presumed to have happened when Cruz lost control of the vehicle."

There was much to the story of the three Mirabal sisters that *El Caribe* did not tell. The story began with Minerva, 32, who reportedly caught the Dictator's eye some years ago when she was a pretty university student. When Trujillo tried to exercise his Dominican version of *droit du seigneur*, Minerva's response was a stunning slap on the face. Shortly thereafter, both Minerva and her middle-aged father were jailed. Minerva briefly, her father for two years before he was released—to die 15 days later of a combination of malnutrition, beatings and general misuse. The sisters all married anti-Trujillo husbands—a lawyer, an engineer, a farmer. In 1937 the three couples began organizing an underground opposition to the Dictator among the Dominican Republic's middle and professional classes; after the failure of a Cuba-based airborne invasion in 1959, the underground movement took as its name the date of the failure—the 14th of June. Last January, as the 14th of June gathered strength to strike at Trujillo, the Dictator got word of the plot and cracked down.

In the trials that followed, two of the husbands got 20 years, the other 30. To forestall plotting, the men were sent to widely separated prisons. Two of the sisters themselves were imprisoned briefly, then allowed to return to their family home near Salcedo, 70 miles northwest of Ciudad Trujillo. Two months ago, without explanation, all three husbands were moved to a prison near Salcedo. There, after a tantalizing delay, the wives were granted permission to make a joint visit a fortnight ago. The sisters' cars had been confiscated; gratefully they accepted a stranger's offer to ride to the prison in his Jeep. On the way back, for reasons unexplained, the Jeep driver left the main highway for an unnecessary—and fatal—journey along a desolate, cliff-edged road.

There was, of course, no hint of foul play in the reports from Trujilloland. But the terrible deaths of the three sisters and their driver—who presumably was considered expendable—would be something for the 14th of June underground to think about.



VICTIM MINERVA MIRABAL DE TAVAREZ
A slap on the seigneur's face.

CUBA The New Revolutionaries

Cuba's new revolutionaries may not be very well organized, but they are learning, and they mean what they say. The Havana resistance promised Fidel Castro no rest—no rest is what he is getting. In the early morning one day last week, eight bombs exploded in the city, knocking out the electricity in a fifth of Havana, including the business district. Burning phosphorous sticks went into the mail drops at the central post office to burn the day's mail collection; another bomb burst a water pipe at an intersection.

Dynamite Downtown. Havana has seen noisier days, including one with 20 bombs earlier in the week, but none worse. In place of the usual black-powder noise-makers planted in the suburbs, these bombs were exploded downtown and were packed with dynamite. The provinces were not far behind. Saboteurs on horseback burned out an Agrarian Reform Institute garage in Pinar del Rio, derailed the Havana-Santiago express train at Santa Clara, fired a Havana-Santiago bus.

The opposition's strongest blow to date found Castro showing signs of strain. *El Mundo* Editor Luis Gómez Wanguemert, a Castro spokesman, said flatly: "Cuba would welcome any relaxation of tension with the U.S." A few nights later at Havana University, Castro himself announced: "The Cuban revolution does not have to be exported."

Hard to Turn Back. Events that Castro himself set in motion were moving too fast for any sudden slowdown. At Cape Canaveral, Fla., a U.S. range safety officer

made a lightning decision, pressed the destruction button on a malfunctioning satellite rocket, and fragments weighing up to 40 lbs. showered down within ten miles of Holguin (pop. 70,000). In normal times the incident would be covered by an embarrassed apology; in the anti-U.S. atmosphere of Cuba the effect was hopelessly inflammatory. *Revolución*, Castro's mouthpiece, exploded at a "new Yankee provocation." Nor was the U.S. very conciliatory: to Cuba went a note curtly asking for the fragments back.

A couple of hundred miles away in the Sierra Escambray, Dr. Manuel Fajardo, 29, Castro's close friend and personal physician, who was also commander of the local militia, intercepted two boys heading into hills that still hide some 300 oppositionists. Dr. Fajardo opened fire and was shot dead in the fight. Fidel Castro gave Fajardo the revolutionary version of a Chicago-style funeral, and bitterly blamed "the handbills of the Pentagon." Meanwhile, in Peking, "Che" Guevara got far Cuba's bare-larder economy the biggest foreign loan Red China ever made—\$60 million for five years at no interest. It was growing difficult for Cuba to turn back, or even pause.

They Would Be Free

While Havana undergoes its trial by bomb, another city, 200 miles across the Florida Straits, has become a Cuban refugee camp. By fishing boat and by yacht, by commercial airliner or hijacked plane, an estimated 500 Cubans each day are now fleeing Castro's Cuba, and most of them converge on Miami. By last week an incongruous lump of more than 30,000 worried Cubans had crowded into the winter vacationland, and more were coming.

The politically reliable young men can sometimes sign up with a resistance group, or go off to a crude camp in the boom-docks, where they learn guerrilla warfare. Only two of the 50 or so exile groups in Miami have much organization. The Democratic Revolutionary Front, a five-group coalition coordinated by ex-Premier Manuel ("Tony") Varona, 51, has a big brick building and the best financing; the Revolutionary Movement of the People (M.R.P.), headed by Engineer Manuel Ray, 37, has less money but is believed to operate the most effective underground inside Cuba. Both make only the smallest dent in the mass of jobless, moneyless Cubans.

Living on Pennies. Most of the exiles are middle-class people uprooted from home and job and just barely scraping by. Arriving in Miami with the single \$5 bill allowed them by Castro, they jam into households that already crowd 12 to 18 people into a single house, spend their time talking, arguing and fighting their own civil war against the Fidelistas in Miami's permanent Cuban population of some 40,000. Score in recent weeks: two dynamitings, four Molotov-cocktail at-



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tacks, one case of arson, about evenly split between pro- and anti-Castro factions.

Miami's police pray that the Cubans will find jobs to keep them busy. But Dade County already counts 22,000 unemployed Americans, and probably no more than 1,000 refugees have regular jobs. Former Under Secretary of Commerce Carlos Smith, 52, wears a white coat as a Fontainebleau Hotel room waiter; former Supreme Court Justice José Cabezas is a fruit-plant shipping clerk; *Prensa Libre's* onetime personnel director Diego González, 42, sorts soda bottles in a supermarket for 70¢ an hour and is glad to have the work. "We get \$6 to \$8 a day," said a former customs officer who finds casual work on the docks. "We split with the others, of course." A surgeon and his family live off the wages of their 14-year-old son, who is a printer's devil.

Aid from Ike. The influx has reached the point where organized aid must replace warm hearts and individual assistance. A year ago, the Miami diocese of the Roman Catholic Church pioneered with practical help—a \$75,000 Catholic Latin Center staffed with four priests and four nuns, and a nursery, clinic chapel, adult education school to teach English. Last October a permanent Citizens Committee was organized and now there is a Cuban Refugee Emergency Employment Center with six bilingual interviewers. The Rockefeller Foundation donated \$10,000 to the Catholic Latin Center for immediate aid, and the International Rescue Committee, veteran of the Hungarian refugee effort, was preparing a nationwide call for \$1,000,000.

Last week the U.S. Government itself stepped in. After a six-week, on-the-spot investigation by former Assistant Defense Secretary Tracy Voorhes, President Eisenhower set aside \$1,000,000 from his \$150 million special contingencies' fund for Miami refugee aid, mostly to resettle the unemployed exiles in areas offering jobs. In making available the money, Ike invoked a Mutual Security Act clause authorizing assistance to refugees from Communism, and thus for the first time the U.S. officially labeled Cuba as Red.

PERU

APRA's Big Chance

On a recent Sunday in Lima, a mob of swarthy, high-cheekboned workers crowded into the courtyard of an old two-story building called "The House of the People." In a carnival mood, the workers guffawed at puppet shows, consumed bowls of guinea-pig soup and bottles of rotgut pisco brandy sold at kiosks emblazoned with the initials of the political party hosting the blowout—APRA. By such homespun come-ons, Peru's American Revolutionary Popular Alliance was busily laying the groundwork last week for the 1962 presidential election—and what the movement thinks is its best opportunity to rule in 36 years of struggle.

APRA is one of the great oddities of Latin American politics. Though it has the oldest name of the mass-based parties,



HAYA DE LA TORRE ADDRESSING PEASANTS (1957)
With pisco, puppets and a program.

La Tribuna

the oligarchy and the military have never allowed it to have even a taste of governing.

Smoking Pistols. APRA was founded in Mexico in 1924 by an angry, 29-year-old student exiled from Peru for instigating workers' riots: Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, who still remains as its leader. In the erratic early days, Haya borrowed as easily from right as from left, denounced "Yankee imperialism" while adopting a fascist-style, raised-arm salute. As both Haya and APRA matured, the party turned moderate, has since plugged for land reform and economic growth.

Permitted to return from exile in 1931, Haya stumped the country as the new party's presidential candidate, fired the peasants and workers into unprecedented rallies. The landowning aristocracy made sure the presidency went to an army colonel, who jailed Haya and issued a chilling order: "I want to see Aprista blood on every bayonet." Apristas answered with smoking pistols. At Haya's home town of Trujillo in July 1932, peasants killed 150 soldiers. The army retaliated by massacring 5,000 Apristas.

Living Underground. The next 13 years Haya spent in prison or underground. In 1945, then (and now) President Manuel Prado, a banker, legalized APRA, but under a new name. Out of hiding, Haya spoke before 175,000: "We aspire to create an authentic social justice, not one that comes from Moscow." Yet once again, when an APRA-hating newspaper editor was murdered, the aristocracy threw out the coalition regime that APRA had helped elect (but in which it did not have a commanding voice) and forced the party back underground. Haya spent five years as a refugee in the Colombian embassy before he was allowed to leave the country.

Four years ago the still-outlawed Apristas made another deal with Banker Prado, and one that looked as if it would stick. In return for election support, Prado

legalized the party. In another display of fair-mindedness, Prado appointed the loudest critic of his inflationary policies, Newspaper Publisher Pedro Beltrán, as his Premier. The two have since given Peru constitutional government and, through tightfisted austerity, have braked inflation.

Now Prado and Beltrán appear willing to accord APRA its long-frustrated opportunity to win an election. Under the constitution Prado cannot succeed himself, and Beltrán says of Apristas: "Today they are behaving like law-abiding citizens." More and more of Peru's big rich privately admit that, with 72% of its 10,500,000 people underfed, 55% illiterate and rural peasants land-needy, Peru is ripe for reform. As a result, Haya's argument—that his modified APRA is the best hope of carrying out reform and averting Castro-style chaos—is gaining ground.

Last week, as APRA organized its campaign, Haya was first choice as candidate. But if Haya's old enemies will not permit an Aprista in the presidential palace, APRA will settle on a compromise candidate at the head of an APRA-led united front. In Rome, where he lives in self-exile to avoid becoming a between-elections target in Peru, Haya, now 65, says: "I will return to Lima in February and put myself at the disposal of the party." He promises an anti-Communist platform combining foreign investment with constructive reform.

To succeed, Haya de la Torre will have to soothe the suspicions of Peru's military, while reassuring the Indians that their party is still reformist. Failure would boost the chances of APRA's chief challenger, young (48) Architect Fernando Belaúnde Terry, the nationalist firebrand leader of the Popular Action Party who enjoyed Communist backing in 1956 and who, during recent village tours, drew big peasant turnouts.



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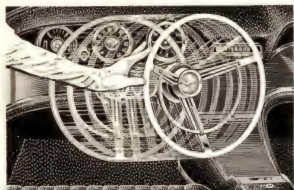
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UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

PEOPLE



PHYSICIST GLASER & BONNIE
Better bubbles.

TWO FOR THE PRIZE OF ONE, headlined the *Washington Post*—and so it was when Dr. Donald Glaser, 34, this year's Nobel laureate in physics, married Ruth Louise ("Bonnie") Thompson, 23, a University of California math major. First thrown together in a U.C. radiation lab, where he was testing his liquid hydrogen bubble chamber and she was a part-time programmer for a computer, the Glasers winged off last week toward Stockholm and a honeymoon helped along with \$43,627 in Nobel money.

After six years of house arrest in a Cairo suburb, Major General Mohammed Noguib, original "strongman" of Egypt's 1952 revolution against King Farouk, was once again at liberty. Noguib, who proved too good to be strong, was first slapped into confinement when he showed signs of developing mass popularity and thereby outgrowing his role as front man for a junta led by Egypt's current President, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Though Noguib was freed last July on the anniversary of his revolution, his new status passed unnoticed until last week, because he continues to enjoy life in the same well-accountered villa that was his "prison."

On his 86th birthday, Sir Winston Churchill, recovering from the fracture of a minor bone in his back from a bedroom fall, abruptly announced that he intended to rise phoenixlike and have a party. When Lady Churchill and his doctors vetoed the inspiration, Britain's most eminent citizen took it quite well, spent most of the day in bed accepting personal greetings from friends, children and grandchildren, and shoveling through the blizzard of congratulations that fell upon the threshold of his London town house in Hyde Park Gate. At the family luncheon table, Sir Winston presided over a mighty repast of oysters, turtle soup,

roast pheasant, champagne and all the trimmings, plus an 85-lb. birthday cake doused with his favorite brandy. Churchill's birthday moved New York *Times* Correspondent Sulzberger to recall how he recently remarked to Sir Winston in Morocco that men might soon zoom to other planets. "Oh, no!" cried Churchill. "Why would anyone wish to leave this earth?"

Ill lay: Pro Tennistar Karol Fageros, 26, whose broken ribs were mending in a Youngstown, Ohio hospital, after an Ohio Turnpike collision between a truck and a chartered bus carrying Karol and the New York Skyscrapers pro basketball team on an exhibition tour; Miriam Amanda ("Ma") Ferguson, 85, first woman ever elected a state Governor (in Texas in 1924, after her late husband, Governor James Ferguson, was impeached for misuse of state funds), recovering in an Austin hospital after a heart attack.

After losing 14 lbs. in a sleep-little month, Laos' jungle doctor, Thomas A. Dooley, visited Hong Kong to talk about a new Southeast Asian hospital program, soon was in a hospital himself with an initial diagnosis of "sheer exhaustion." Because Dooley was operated on for chest cancer last year, doctors were clearly worried by his weight loss and run-down condition. But from his bed, Tom Dooley 33, offered his own wry diagnosis: "I would call it old age."

Back from Manhattan and recognition as the rightful occupant of his country's U.N. seat, Congo President Joseph Kasavubu, attired in a special uniform as Congolese army commander in chief, got even warmer recognition from his



PRESIDENT & MRS. KASAVUBU
Warmer reception.



CROONER DARIN & SANDRA
Sadder swooners.

wife at Léopoldville airport, was wildly hailed as "King" by some of his excitable countrymen.

In a step that was bound to confuse the emotions of millions of bobby-soaked swooners, Bronx-born (as Walden Robert Cassotto) Dreamboat Crooner Bobby (*Mack the Knife*) Darin, 24, married Teen-Age Starlet Sandra (*The Reluctant Debutante*) Dea, 18, "on the spur of the moment" at 3 a.m. in the apartment of a music publisher who lives in Elizabeth, N.J. With a borrowed wedding ring on her finger, Sandra (real name: Alexandira Zuck) observed romantically: "We just wanted to get it over with."

Twice excused from Smith Act trials because of a serious heart ailment, the former chairman of the U.S. Communist Party, William Z. Foster, 79, last week got federal court permission to head east, to the U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia, for therapeutic and restorative measures. Though the court specified that Foster could remain outside the U.S. for only one year, hardly anyone else was urging him to hurry home.

Soon to go on the block at London's famed auctioneering firm of Sotheby's: almost 400 items from the Italian estate of Britain's late Author-Caricaturist Sir Max Beerbohm. Most prized collectors' pieces up for sale are books on whose fly-leaves Sir Max had thoughtfully composed dedications from their famous authors to himself. Example: a copy of Queen Victoria's *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*, wherein, in Her Late Majesty's flourishing script, Beerbohm also caught her style: "For Mr. Beerbohm... the never-sufficiently-to-be-studied writer, whom Albert looks down on affectionately, I am sure—from his Sovereign Victoria R.L. Balmoral, 1899."



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EDUCATION

Hot Seat in New Orleans

In the center of all the excitement in New Orleans last week, School Superintendent James F. Redmond appeared in court to face a lawsuit. He had refused to release the names of children in integrated schools. Why? Redmond's answers were polite, professional. His lawyer was not satisfied. Said he: "Isn't it a fact, Dr. Redmond, that you told me you'd be hanged and quartered before you would hand over the names of those little girls?" Answered Redmond with a smile: "Yes, I suppose it is."

Quiet resolution in the face of extraordinary pressure has come to be the mark of Superintendent Redmond, 45, who in the past four months has been vilified and "fired" by the state legislature, enjoined by the federal courts, sued by one of his bosses, insulted by the citizens of his city, and threatened by a nightly barrage of anonymous hate calls. He has calmly gone on running the embattled schools of New Orleans (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) without state funds. This month he himself has not been paid. But when some New Orleans parents last week started a "dollars for Redmond" drive to pay his salary and raised \$175 by noon the first day, he asked them to stop.

Only Up. Redmond came to New Orleans in 1953, the choice of a school board that searched the U.S. for two years. He found an administrative system so muddled that even a business manager was lacking. Despite mounting enrollments (from 65,000 then to 94,000 now), only three new schools had been completed since 1938. "There was no place to go but up," he says.

Redmond put together a tight organization, built 34 new schools, devised a sys-



SUPERINTENDENT REDMOND
Fired, enjoined, insulted and sued.



PHYSICIST LINDEMANN



NOVELIST SNOW



CHEMIST TIZARD

Chosen to make the secret decisions of national survival.

tem for constantly revising the curriculum. Against hot opposition, he started the Benjamin Franklin High School for bright youngsters, which graduated its first class last year ("It was in orbit before Sputnik"). His proudest memory of the first day of integration three weeks ago, when truancy was rife, is that "my Franklin kids stuck with it."

Redmond has stuck with it himself. Mobs chanted outside his office not long ago, and a secretary rushed in with a rumor that in ten minutes the building would go up in smoke. Grinned Redmond: "What color?" At the two nearly deserted schools that took in token Negroes (three in one; one in the other), he keeps idle teachers at work every day planning and preparing lessons.

Maybe Out. Last year a management consultant's report expressed amazement that New Orleans could keep a man of Redmond's ability for the salary it paid him (\$21,500 a year). Kansas-born, Roman Catholic Jim Redmond has been a rising light in U.S. public education since 1940, when he became assistant to Kansas City Superintendent Herold Hunt, who later moved to Chicago, taking Redmond with him. Both men won renown for cleaning up Chicago's graft-ridden public schools. When Hunt became an education professor at Harvard in 1953, Redmond went to New Orleans.

Realist Redmond knows that he may be the first to go after the integration turmoil passes. Much of his job involves dealing with the state legislature, which has already fired him. "If I can't perform that part of my job," says he, "we'll have to move on."

That would seem tragic to teachers at the integrated schools, who recently sent a delegation to his office to say: "We want you to know that we'll be in school Monday morning raring to go." Says Redmond: "That just shows you can't scare intelligent people. Their education is their strength. That's why this fight to preserve education is so important."

Bring on the Scientists

In an advanced industrial society, however democratic, a "handful of men in secret" make the choices that "determine in the crudest sense whether we live or die." So argued English Novelist Sir

Charles Percy Snow last week as he delivered Harvard University's prestigious Godkin Lectures on public affairs.² Snow's plea was for more scientists in government, thus minimizing the role of hunch and political intuition.

Famed as a critic of the "two-culture" gap between scientists and nonscientists, Sir Charles is qualified to protest: he was a physicist long before he became Britain's most knowledgeable novelist of top-level science and politics (*The New Men, The Masters, The Affair*); he was knighted not for literature but for his work as chief organizer of scientists in the World War II Ministry of Labor. To illustrate his point, he said last week, "The best I can do is tell a story."

Hidden Feud. With a novelist's relish, Insider Snow then described one of the unknown battles of wartime Britain: the feud between Sir Henry Tizard (rhymes with lizard), "the best scientific mind that in England has ever applied itself to war," and German-raised F. A. Lindemann (later Lord Cherwell), right-hand science adviser to Winston Churchill. As Snow tells it, the fate of England all but hung on the enmity between these two strong men.

Once close friends (and now both dead), Tizard and Lindemann turned to public power after failing to reach the first rank in pure science. They had little else in common. Chemist Tizard, who at times "looked like a highly intelligent and sensitive frog," was the outgoing, very English son of a regular navy officer. The "very odd and very gifted" Physicist Lindemann was "repressed, suspicious, malevolent." A fanatic Englishman-by-adoption, he was a fierce ascetic who shunned sensual pleasures. Snow recalls him as "an extreme and cranky vegetarian who lived largely on the whites of eggs." Port Salut cheese and olive oil.

In the 1920s the ambitious and "distinctly rich" Lindemann, said Snow, began "eating his singular vegetarian meals at a good many of the great English houses." He met Churchill, formed a lifelong friendship, even though Churchill

² To be published next spring as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection by Harvard University Press.

[†] Lindemann found yolks to be "too exciting."

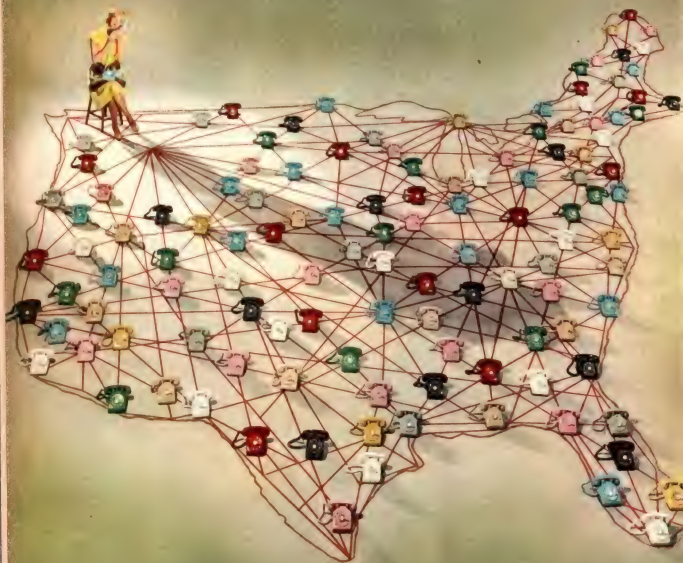
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offices that route your calls; millions of miles of wires, cables and radio relay systems that carry your voice; tiny transistors; switchboards; telephones themselves. These and thousands of other parts are made — and made to work together — by Western Electric for the Bell System.

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Manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System **Western Electric**



soon was out of political favor. Tizard took a different road. After teaching at Oxford, he turned to science-advising at Whitehall, and with his bluff, soldierly manner "fitted into that world from the start." Lindemann was jealous.

In 1934 the Air Ministry gave Tizard charge of a four-man committee to study British air defense. The group soon made a far-reaching recommendation: put every ounce of British brainpower into developing radar. Then Lindemann landed on the committee as Churchill's delegate. For a solid year, he argued so savagely for his own gadgety notions (infra-red detection of enemy planes, aerial parachute mines) that at one point the committee broke up.

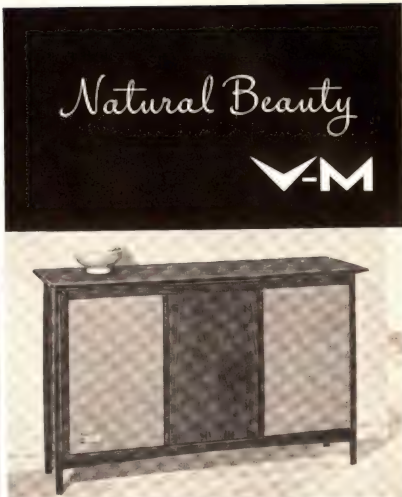
Costly Victory. Tizard pressed on, and radar was ready in time to help win the Battle of Britain. But the feud had just begun. When Churchill became Prime Minister in 1940, Lindemann forced Tizard out of his job as the Air Ministry's science adviser. In 1942 the new Baron Cherwell pressed for strategic bombing of such targets as workers' housing to cripple Germany. Asked to study Cherwell's statistics, Tizard found the damage estimate five times too high. But he got nowhere. Churchill's intimate won a backstairs Cabinet fight that had "the faint but just perceptible smell of a witch hunt." Labeled a defeatist, Tizard was forced to sit out the rest of the war as president of Oxford's Magdalen College.

At war's end a survey of actual strategic bombing damage proved Cherwell's estimate not five but ten times too high. Had Cherwell not won his way, argues Snow, "the war might have ended a bit earlier and with less cost."

Snow sees clear lessons: "It is dangerous to have a solitary scientific overlord" such as Lindemann was during the war. "It is especially dangerous to have him sitting in power, with no scientist near him, surrounded by politicians who think of him as all-wise and all-knowing." It is even more dangerous to give any power of choice to the scientist who deceives himself through an excessive devotion to gadgetry and secrecy.

Future-Directed World. But why give scientists any political power? Because, says Snow, Western nations are "becoming existential societies—and we are living in the same world with future-directed societies." Snow says: "We seem to be flexible, but we haven't any model of the future before us. In the significant sense, we can't change. And to change is what we have to do."

"That is why I want scientists active in all the levels of government," Snow adds. For they are trained in foresight, but politicians are "masters of the short-term solution." Scientists "have it within them to know what a future-directed society feels like, for science itself, in its human aspect, is just that. That is why I want some scientists mixed up in our affairs. It would be bitter if, when this storm of history is over, the best epitaph that anyone could write of us was only that: they were 'the wisest men who had not the gift of foresight.'"



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BULLETIN FROM *BOEING*



...WHERE CAPABILITY HAS MANY FACES

Expanding the frontiers of knowledge through basic research is the business of the Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories, left. Here Boeing scientists are at work in the fields of solid state physics, flight sciences, advanced mathematics, plasma physics and geo-astronautics.



SPACE GLIDER. Artist's concept shows Dyna Soar manned space glider perched atop modified Titan ICBM for launching. In space, the glider and booster would separate, leaving Dyna Soar vehicle in piloted, near-orbital flight. Pilot could later glide to conventional landing at a selected base. Dyna Soar is being developed by the U. S. Air Force in cooperation with NASA, with Boeing as prime contractor for both the system and the glider.



FUTURE SKYLINER. Boeing, builder of famous 707, America's first jet airliner, has long been at work on next generation of aerial transports, which could look like the Boeing design pictured above. Supersonic jetliners, probably a decade away, could have speed in neighborhood of 2,000 miles an hour. Flight time, from Paris to New York, would be about two and a half hours!



SHOCK TUBE. Industry's most powerful shock tube, designed and built by Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories scientists, creates shock waves which begin at 300 times speed of sound, then collide in tube at "slowed" rate of 80 times speed of sound. Gas temperature within the tube reaches approximately one million degrees. Studies could be important in developing effective ion and plasma-propulsion systems for use in space.

BOEING

SPORT

Experts' All-America

With the first kickoff of the first college game in September, a small band of cold-eyed men began their annual, continent-wide search for football talent. While fans all about them cheered and sang, the pro scouts of the National Football League, pencils scribbled in their huge hands, silently scribbled notes earmarking the college boys good enough to graduate to the man's game.

Most of the pro scouts agreed that 1960's linemen were, on the whole, more promising than the backs. Some headlined college stars were shrugged off as lacking the overpowering speed, size or strength to stick with the pros. When the N.F.L. player draft is held later this month, each of the 14 league teams will key its choices to its special needs—a sprinting pass-catcher, a massive defensive tackle. But with impressive unanimity, the N.F.L. scouts agreed on a dream squad of the nation's finest pro prospects. TIME's pro-picked All-America:

Ends: **Dan LaRose**, 21, Missouri; 6 ft. 4 in., 221 lbs. **Mike Ditka**, 21, Pittsburgh; 6 ft. 3 in., 218 lbs. Excerpt from a scout's report on Ditka: "Pound for pound, as fine a college player as there is in the U.S." On LaRose: "Great man at rushing the passer and blocking kicks." In addition, the scouts rate Indiana's solid (6 ft. 5 in., 240 lbs.) **Earl Faison** as a promising defensive end ("Just an animal charging in there"), and, because of his pass-catching skills, the pros are thinking of making an offensive end out of Mississippi Halfback **Bob Crespino**, 22 (6 ft. 4 in., 211 lbs.).

Tackles: **Bob Lilly**, 21, Texas Christian; 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs. **Ken Rice**, 21, Auburn; 6 ft. 2 in., 250 lbs. Says one scout: "Lilly is a bit more mobile than Rice, but I'd say Rice was a bit tougher." The scouts regard Illinois' **Joe Rutenburg**, 21 (6 ft. 2 in., 245 lbs.), as a likely defensive tackle. Though he is a tackle at Georgia Tech. **Billy Shaw**, 21 (6 ft. 3 in., 238 lbs.), has the agility and speed to play guard with the pros.

Guards: **Tom Brown**, 24, Minnesota; 6 ft. 1, 240 lbs. **Myron Pottios**, 21, Notre Dame; 6 ft. 2 in., 239 lbs. Drafted two years ago by Baltimore, Brown is hailed as "big, fast and mean." Pottios is highly rated because he "can play either offense

or defense, which makes him a good risk for the pros." The pros are also after Virginia Tech's unsung **Mike Zeno**, 21 (5 ft. 11 in., 240 lbs.), but dismiss the chances of Colorado's **Joe Romig**, who made the first team of the United Press International's All-America. Says one scout: At 5 ft. 10 in., 200 lbs., "Romig is just too small to play anywhere."

Center: **E. J. (for Emil Joe) Holub**, 22, Texas Tech; 6 ft. 4 in., 217 lbs. "The nation's No. 1 lineman. Runs the 100 in 10.5. He's a pro right now—they don't call him 'The Beast' for nothing."

Quarterback: **Norman Snead**, 21, Wake Forest; 6 ft. 4 in., 208 lbs. Although Snead was snubbed by the wire-service All-Americans, the pros call him "a pure passer" with the advantage of enough height to look over the offensive line. Right behind Snead the scouts rank North Carolina State's **Roman Gabriel**, 20 (6 ft. 3 in., 215 lbs.), who is a junior. While the pros admire the all-round ability of Mississippi's **Jake Gibbs**, the first-stringer on most All-Americans, they generally rate both Snead and Gabriel as better passers for the N.F.L.

Halfbacks: **Joe Bellino**, 22, Navy; 5 ft. 9 in., 181 lbs. Decorated last week with the Heisman Trophy as 1960's outstanding college player. Bellino could make the N.F.L., although some scouts have reservations about his size: "He'd try to block a 250-lb. defensive end and that would be the end of him." In any case, the pros figure that a four-year service stint and a bright future as a big-league baseball catcher will keep Bellino out of football. Ranked right alongside Bellino: **Tom Mason**, 21, Tulane; 6 ft. 1 in., 195 lbs. Although U.P.I. and A.P. relegated Mason to their third-team All-America, many pros call him the nation's finest back: "He's a slashing runner with great speed, and he hits with abandon." Also high on the pros' lists are Syracuse Junior **Ernie Davis** ("He's another Jimmy Brown"), Washington State's **Keith Lincoln** ("One of the real triple threats in the game"), and New Mexico State's **Pervis Atkins**, drafted last year by Los Angeles.

Fullback: **Bob Ferguson**, 21, Ohio State; 6 ft., 225 lbs. A junior, Ferguson has surprising speed in addition to pure brute power. "He runs over people—the other guys, his own guys, everybody."



TOUCH ADDICT LYONS & SONS?
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Universal Touch

From coast to coast, on asphalt playgrounds, backyard lawns, city streets, municipal parks and seaside beaches, the newest sports craze in the U.S. is the old game of touch football. The sport that once belonged to the nation's scurrying small fry has suddenly been borrowed by grownups with a yen to work off energy, ease aging legs into shape, sweat out a hangover, or realize Mitty-esque dreams of gridiron glory. Touch has lately become an obsession with college kids, wheezing gaffers, giggling secretaries—and, of course, the entire clan of President-elect John F. Kennedy, who, according to old opponents, possesses "the best passing arm in the family." Says one New York touch fan: "We used to have trouble getting two other guys together to throw the ball around on Sunday morning. Now Central Park is so cluttered with touch football teams there's hardly room to play."

The game's basic attraction is that any number may play, under any rules at all, and without much risk of getting seriously hurt. In Central Park, touch "gridirons" are often marked off with

© In background: George, 23; with ball: Jeff, 16.



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BROWN

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nothing more than coats discarded by the likes of New York Post Columnist Leonard Lyons, who has lured such celebrities as the U.N.'s Ralph Bunche and TV's Phil Silvers into games with his four sons. One-hand touch usually serves for tyros; two-hand touch below the waist for the more experienced. Weaving of the inevitable arguments about touches or misses, the experts tag each other by yanking away a "flag" of canvas tucked under each player's belt.

One Missouri. Fast and furious, touch football relies on the forward pass, the timely lateral, and the guileful maneuver. To protect glue-footed passers, some teams allow only one defensive player to cross the line of scrimmage, or else require the entire defense to count for five seconds ("one Missouri, two Missouri . . .") before charging. Because even fumble-fingered players can click off big gains under these rules, many teams require the attackers to surrender the ball unless they make a touchdown in four or five downs.

Since touch players usually wear nothing more than bluejeans, a T-shirt and sneakers, the blocking is often restricted to the line of scrimmage, and in most games no one is allowed to risk destruction by rushing the kicker. When blocking is allowed downfield, the touch variety of football can be nearly as rugged as tackle. The championship intramural game last month at Massachusetts' Brandeis University (which has a 12-team league) produced three bloody noses and one shoulder separation.

Deceptive Innocence. Nowhere in the nation is touch football growing faster than in Los Angeles, where the sport is played by some 100,000 members of organized teams, and estimates are that another 400,000 players turn out for pickup games. Such elusive backs as Washington State's Keith Lincoln (*see above*) learned some of the tricks of their trade on local teams. Games crop up like clover on the lawns surrounding the Coliseum. On nearby beaches, college students play in the 100° temperatures of August. One collegian has a touch team that takes on all challengers for money. "We're loaded," he says. "We've got two ex-high school sprinters and a deadeye passer."

Even so, the Los Angeles team would likely have its troubles in a Staten Island league that plays a brand of touch far closer to pro football than the casual Sunday morning romp in the park. The Staten Island teams all wear uniforms and football shoes with cleats; play games seven men to the side under the shrill whistle of three uniformed officials. Each team carries some 35 players, enough for full offensive and defensive units, plus specialists who are sent in just to kick or to return punts. Although blockers must stay on their feet, the games are rough and tough. "Our wives wouldn't let us play tackle," says Star Pass Receiver Ed Finnerty, "so we play touch, which sounds innocent. But you've even got to watch being stepped on in our games. We average 200 lbs. per man in the line."

Lady Elgin Watches

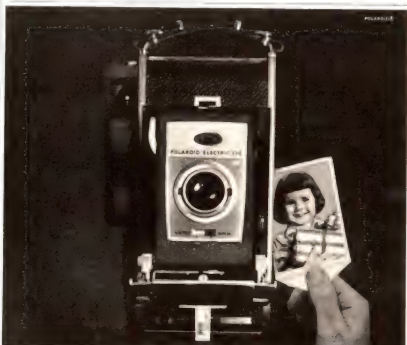
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SCIENCE

Simulated ACTH

For years hundreds of chemists have been trying to solve one of organic chemistry's toughest problems: artificial synthesis of a compound with all the biological (and hence medical) properties of ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone). Last week the University of Pittsburgh announced that a research team headed by Dr. Klaus Hofmann, 49, had turned the trick.

The big difficulty was that the ACTH molecule is a protein, a long chain of amino acid groups linked together in a special sequence like a phrase in telegraphic code. If the code is not reproduced properly, synthetic ACTH will not do the magical things in the human body that natural ACTH does. Natural ACTH has 39 amino acid groups. Dr. Hofmann's synthetic copy has only 23, but this part of the chain seems to function biologically as well as the whole—somewhat as if a coded message were pruned of unnecessary words before being sent.

ACTH is produced by the pea-sized pituitary gland at the base of the brain. It seems to be a hormone's hormone; when the blood carries it to the adrenal glands on the kidneys, it stimulates the production of many other hormones that regulate vital functions of the body, including proper utilization of foods. The natural substance is extremely expensive because only minute amounts can be extracted from the pituitary glands of slaughtered animals. Dr. Hofmann does not promise that his success will lead to cheap synthetic ACTH manufactured in large quantities for medical use, but it is certainly a step in that direction.

Argus-Eyed Russians

In the autumn of 1958, the U.S. exploded three rocket-launched nuclear bombs 200 miles above the South Atlantic. Purpose of the explosions, known as Project Argus, was to test the theory that charged particles released by the blasts would be trapped in the earth's magnetic field like the sun-borne particles of the Van Allen radiation belt (TIME, March 10, 1960). The experiment worked fine, but when the New York Times finally broke the story six months later, U.S. authorities were disturbed at the "breach of security" involved. And even after most details of Project Argus became public knowledge, the exact times of the blasts were never announced—apparently because Washington officials hoped the Russians could not get this information by themselves.

All signs are that Washington was wrong. In a recent bulletin issued by the Soviet Academy of Sciences, a Soviet woman scientist, Geophysicist V. A. Troitskaya reports that the shots showed up almost instantly on Soviet instruments designed to measure minute electric currents flowing through the earth. Apparently the explosions caused disturbances in the earth's magnetic field, and these spread as waves




Associated Photographers
BIOCHEMIST HOFMANN
A code in 23 lines

moving with almost the speed of light. At almost the same instant, Soviet monitoring stations in the Pacific, in Central Asia on the Black Sea, and near Murmansk in extreme northwestern Russia recorded the waves clearly. After studying the records, Dr. Troitskaya decided that the final Argus blast on Sept. 6, exploded a small fraction of a second from 10 hr. 12 min. 34 sec. p.m. Greenwich mean time. At last week's end this figure was still classified information in the U.S.

The Feynman Awards

In the tight little world of U.S. science, Caltech's Richard P. Feynman, 42, is almost as famed for far-out humor as for his professional accomplishments. One of the nation's most gifted teachers and researchers in the field of quantum mechanics, Feynman is also one of the most gifted safecrackers currently at large during World War II he whiled away dull hours at Los Alamos by opening his colleagues' safes and emptying them of their top-secret contents. Accustomed as they were to such Feynman show-stoppers as proving that his sense of smell is as good as a dog's (by sniffing out articles handled by fellow dinner-party guests), even Feynman's scientist friends were startled last December when the lanky physicist impulsively set up his own small-scale version of the Nobel Prize.

Addressing a meeting of the American Physical Society on his latest scientific passion—submicrominiaturization—Feynman took off from the fact that tiny human cells perform a variety of complex functions. He reasoned that human beings could theoretically manipulate mechanical devices on the same tiny scale. Arguing that the technical applications of such research would be "enormous"—it would be



ANDRÉ PREVIN leads half a dozen musical lives. Twice an Academy Award winner, he has to date fashioned scores for 37 films: complex creations that dramatize mood and scene with music, either of his own composition ("Elmer Gantry") or Gershwin's ("Porgy and Bess") or Loewe's ("Gigi"). As an arranger of popular songs, Previn molds his formidable craftsmanship into settings that are utterly engaging: deceptively simple, his intricacies dazzle but never blind. As concert stage and Columbia recording artist, Previn plays a uniquely diversified program: he is a classically-schooled piano soloist in serious contemporary music, also leader of a trio that covers his special jazz beat — music of Broadway shows — which he swings with quick wit and subtle power. Conductor-composer-pianist Previn is that rare musician who is at home with Hindemith or Hollywood. ®

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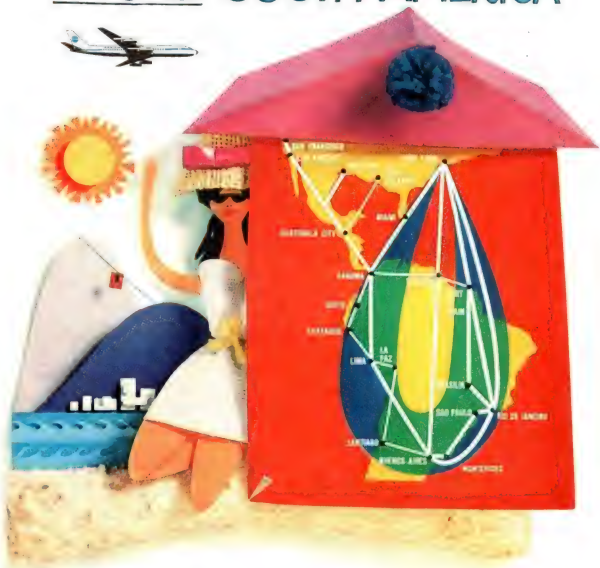
convenient, he noted, to be able to store all the world's basic knowledge in the equivalent of a pocket-sized pamphlet—Feynman then and there impetuously offered two \$1,000 prizes. One was to go to the first person to reduce the information on one page of a book to one twenty-five-thousandth of the linear scale of the original "in such manner that it can be read by an electron microscope"; the other would go to the inventor of an electrically powered rotating motor no bigger than a cube one sixty-fourth of an inch high.

Not quite a year later, staring down the barrel of a microscope, Feynman saw magnified 40 times a turntable motor that easily met his specifications. Devised by William H. McLellan, a 35-year-old engineer for a Pasadena research firm, the motor was fifteen thousandths of an inch square (smaller than a pencil dot), weighed 250 micrograms, and was powered by one thousandth of a watt. Working for two months in his spare time, Caltech Graduate McLellan used sharpened toothpicks, a watchmaker's lathe and a micro-drill press to fashion his fly-speck engine, which operates on the same "synchronous" principle that powers motors weighing thousands of pounds.

Like the good scientist he is, Feynman professed to be delighted that his challenge had been met, last week sent off to McLellan a personal check for \$1,000. But in an accompanying letter of congratulations, impetuous Prizegiver Feynman earnestly warned: "Don't start writing small. I don't intend to make good on the other [prize]. In the meantime, I've gotten married and bought a house."

Shown in microscopic enlargement against a pinhead.

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MUSIC

Toy Symphonist

For most of the day, the plump eleven-year-old crawled around the bathroom floor steering the electric toy automobile with the flashing headlights. The next evening, dressed in a white jacket, short black pants, white socks and black shoes, he made his way to Brussels' Palais des Beaux Arts, where he conducted the Antwerp Philharmonic Orchestra in Beethoven's *Eighth Symphony*, *Egmont Overture* and *Third Piano Concerto*. At another point in the program, with a slight bow to the royal box, Giuseppe (for



CONDUCTOR ALFIDI
"Lenny Bernstein, what is he?"

Verdi) Arturo (for Toscanini) Alfidi sat down at the piano and expertly played his own 25-minute *Concerto in G Minor*, dedicated to Queen Elisabeth. Said his proud father, Frank Alfidi, standing in the wings: "It's the first time an American boy plays for royalty."

It was not, of course, the first time that Joey Alfidi of Yonkers, N.Y., had conducted a symphony orchestra (he made his first major solo flight at seven with the *Symphony of the Air*), nor the first time he has played one of his numerous compositions. In Brussels, where he was introduced by his father as the "new little Mozart," he attracted a capacity crowd. As usual, he conducted incisively and with note-perfect memory of the scores. His own concerto strongly, if somewhat naively, reflected the influence of Beethoven, was studied with technical tricks that suggested a surprisingly wide knowledge of piano literature. While critics

spoke cautiously of "an inspiration that is still embryonic," the audience gave Joey a standing ovation.

In addition to conducting, Joey plays half a dozen instruments, has written one symphony, eleven sonatas, two sonatas, two piano concertos, two overtures, a tone poem, a rondo and a rhapsody. His problem just now is to determine whether he wants to be a composer, a conductor or a concert pianist. "Well," says Papa Alfidi calmly, "look at Lenny Bernstein. What is he?"

Christmas Rock

*Rockin' around the Christmas tree
At the Christmas party hop,
Mistletoe hung where you can see
Ev'ry couple tries to stop.*

The most ominous of many threats to the spirit of Christmas this year is a song manufacturer named Johnny Marks, president of an outfit known as St. Nicholas Music, Inc. In Christmases past, Marks has filled the holiday air with numbers like *When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter*, *I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day* and *Everyone's a Child at Christmas*. His most enduring creation is *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, which after twelve seasons and a sale of close to 10 million copies is this year enshrined in no fewer than 25 new recordings by Paul Anka, Ella Fitzgerald, the Chipmunks, Crazy Otto, Guy Lombardo, et al. By Marks's own testimony, his recently released *Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree* figures to be another *Rudolph*. Why? Says Marks, who does both words and music: "The lyric is a masterpiece of writing."

Masterpieces or not, Marks's contributions to Christmas have earned him close to \$1,000,000 in the past decade. Says he: "What the hell, I can't control the American way of life. I'm not going to fight it; I'm going to join it." He began joining it when he left college (Colgate) to become a nightclub pianist. The lyrics to *Rudolph*, based on Robert L. May's children's book of the same name, occurred to him on the street one April day, and within a matter of hours he had added the music. Gene Autry introduced the song at Madison Square Garden and sent it on its way. Laments Marks: "The trouble is Autry can't do me any more good; he's slipped a lot." Only Berlin's *White Christmas* has rivaled *Rudolph* in the Christmas pop field over the years.

The seasonal nature of his successes bothers Marks not a bit: "If I sell that many at Christmastime," says he, "what the hell do I care what they do in May?" And tormented parents who hope that Marks's imagination may be flagging are in for a rude shock: he has already completed an "absolutely sensational" ditty for Christmas 1961: titled *I'll Be a Little Angel*. Sample lyrics:

*I'll wash my face and comb my hair
Stop my jumpin' on daddy's chair
I'll be a little angel from now on.*

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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Shoot Only When Covered

Cleopatra was once rendered unto Caesar in a rug, but today she is wrapped up in an insurance policy. Before 20th Century-Fox began filming *Cleopatra* early this fall, the studio spent an estimated \$390,000 in premiums for a Lloyd's of London standard policy covering possible delays. Then production got under way in a spectacular, 8½-acre, open-air reproduction of Alexandria, just west of London. But in the title role, Elizabeth Taylor turned out to be little more than queen for a day.

An abscessed tooth put Liz in the hospital. While she recuperated last week in California, her bright-eyed three-year-old daughter Liza Todd remained behind in London to keep up the side, dressed herself in Ptolemaic Merry Mites as if to prove that she might at least have played Cleopatra as a tot. Meanwhile, with shooting at a dead stop, Lloyd's was faced with what will be the largest claim—at least \$2,800,000—ever made against the insurers of a motion picture.

Sticky Patch. Film insurance has, in fact, been a frisky business lately. Lloyd's, several other English firms and San Francisco's Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.—the only American underwriter in the field—have been slogging about in what one English expert calls "a rather sticky patch." The death of Tyrone Power during *Solomon and Sheba* caused the biggest settlement in history: Fireman's Fund paid United Artists \$1,210,172. The vaguely defined illnesses that put France Nuyten out of *Suzie Wong* cost the insurance companies nearly half a million; when Audrey Hepburn fell from a horse in Mexico early last year, breaking her back and delaying *The Unforgiven* for six weeks, Fireman's Fund paid \$250,000; Kay Kendall's fatal illness necessitated a \$106,000 payoff to the producers of *One More, With Feeling*.

Despite 1960's troubles, the underwriters will all show their customary profit this year. Movie insurance turns on a working combination of independent brokers who know show business and glamourproof actuaries who know just what table the show must go on. They protect themselves with such features as the "48-hour clause franchise" (no payoff if shooting is held up less than three days), they raise premiums to cover special risks; film versions of Broadway plays are often expensive because groups of stars are generally on-camera at the same time, and if one is out the whole production is stopped; similarly, if the plot depends mostly on the lead, up goes the premium because it is more difficult to "shoot around" a sick star.

Insurance men have played their part in show business at least since Go-for-Broker Arthur Stebbins, nephew of 20th Century-Fox's former Board Chairman Joe Schenck, talked Mack Sennett into



Associated Press

LIZA TODD AS YOUNG CLEOPATRA
Mommy had a policy.

taking a \$500,000 policy on cross-eyed Ben Turpin to protect Sennett if Turpin's eyes should decide to go straight. Self-proclaimed originator of "the scarfapology," Stebbins later arranged insurance for Eddie Cantor's eyes, Jimmy Durante's nose, Marlene Dietrich's legs. Of course, the real purpose was publicity, and for sheer newsworthiness no policy before or since has been able to touch the masterpiece of Lloyd's once wrote to cover bosomy Evelyn West and her "treasure chest."

If Cleopatra Crumbles. The movie insurance field has long since settled down to less gimmickry and more dollar volume, but it still has claims to color. One actor actually insured himself against falling in love while making a picture. In 1957 before the cameras of *Jailhouse Rock*, Elvis Presley produced an inguinal heave so seismic that it traveled to his upper jawbone, loosening a tooth cap that fell into his bronchial tube (\$2,904). During the filming of *The Young Lions*, Marlon Brando spilled a pot of hot tea in his lap, developed an embarrassing infection (\$33,806). *Spartacus* cost Fireman's Fund \$632,197 (against a typical premium of \$70,227 on a \$4,100,000 policy) when Jean Simmons had an appendectomy. Tony Curtis broke his Achilles tendon and Supergladiator Kirk Douglas was leveled by a virus maximus.

Studying such events, actuaries some years ago decided that Clark Gable was the best risk in films, Elizabeth Taylor the worst by a wide margin. Making *Raintree County* four years ago, she wore a tight, Kodiak sort of corset that induced a hyperventilation syndrome (\$45,299). For minor illnesses in *Giant* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, she cost Fire-

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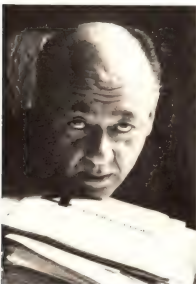
Combine 2 quarts of orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 quart Smirnoff. Add orange and lemon slices, 12 oz. frozen strawberries. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving add 1 quart chilled sparkling water and 2 trays of ice. Serves 32 drinks.

man's Fund some \$75,000. And now Lloyd's and the other underwriters are trying to decide whether they will reinstate *Cleopatra's* coverage. If they do not, the picture may never be finished. Insurance men made an interim decision last week to challenge the actress' original declaration on the state of her health. If *Cleopatra* crumbles and the insurers prove that Elizabeth Taylor did not have nearly \$3,000,000 worth of toothache, 20th Century-Fox will lose the total cost to date of the picture: \$5,500,000.

THE STAGE

Oui, Non, Moi

The curtain went up last week at off-Broadway's Theater de Lys, and there on the stage—in a play called *The Shepherd's Chameleon*, by French Playwright Eugene Ionesco—was an actor playing a character called Ionesco, a playwright at work



PLAYWRIGHT IONESCO
No longer dangerous?

on a play called *The Shepherd's Chameleon*. Three more characters, each called Bartholomew, turned up and began to unravel funny skeins of academic pedantry in argument with the playwright.

All this was no surprise to those who came expecting to be surprised, as any Ionesco audience must. It was a kind of Left Bank version of *Author Meets the Critics*, a personal attack on critics in dramatic form. The three critical Barts filled the hall with pretentious polysyllables, spoke of "costumology," "historization" and "decorology," told "Ionesco" that he had "points of view with no optical instrument," knowledgeably mentioned "the Being of not-Being and the Not-Being of Being in the Know." For his part, the hero finally turned to the audience and stated his case: "I blame these doctors for discovering elementary truths and dressing them up in exaggerated language so that these elementary truths appear to

have gone mad . . . The critic should describe, and not prescribe . . ."

Wisdom for Monk. The curtain went down, soon went up again, and there on the stage was Eugene Ionesco himself, a Rumanian-born French citizen who answers the frequent charge that the bizarre (e.g., three-nosed) characters in his plays "come from nowhere" by saying that "they come from Everywhere." Through an interpreter he solemnly told his audience that the surrealists "nourished me," but that the three biggest influences on his work were actually Groucho, Chico and Harpo Marx. Answering written questions from the house, he picked up a cold potato that went "Do you think that the modern dramatic artist is essentially alienated?" thought it over and gave a perfect, two-syllable answer: "Oui, non."

Anti-intellectual, full of theatrical prankishness and a fondness for humanity that is edged in bitterness, Eugene Ionesco, with Jean Genet (*The Balcony*) and Samuel Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*), is one of the main forces in what he calls the School of Paris and most people call the avant-garde theater. From an obscure job in a firm publishing legal books, he emerged ten years ago at the age of 38 to begin writing theatrical works that were generally called obscure too. But like Genet and Beckett, he has expressed his themes less in dialogue than in the structure of his plays, often preoccupied with the frustrating inadequacies of human communication. In *The Lesson* a teacher who has tried to instruct 39 inept students, murdering each one when the effort failed, murders No. 40 onstage. In *The Chairs* an aged couple takes leave of the world through a window, leaving behind an Orator appointed to deliver their final message of wisdom for mankind; but the Orator is an inarticulate idiot.

Enemy of Dogmatism. In *The Shepherd's Chameleon* he achieved many of his funniest lines by lifting them verbatim from reviews of his earlier plays, has one critic say of "Ionesco": "He hasn't been accepted by the commercial theater yet. That makes him dangerous." By that standard Ionesco himself is no longer dangerous. His off-Broadway appearance last week was at the American National Theater and Academy's one-shot matinee series ("designed to present productions which do not, cannot, or might not find ready acceptance by the existing commercial theater producers"). Ionesco's play *The Rhinoceros* will be produced next month on Broadway, starring Eli Wallach. Everyone in it turns into a rhinoceros, except the one character who remains an enemy of dogmatism, who refuses to permit any ideology to maddenize in his mind until it becomes idolatry.

Perhaps Ionesco has caught up with his audience, or perhaps his audience has caught up with him. At any rate, since it is as clear and pointed as a rhino's horn, his new play may cause American theatergoers to agree with Eugene Ionesco's ready answer when he is asked to name his favorite contemporary playwright. He gently replies, "Moi."



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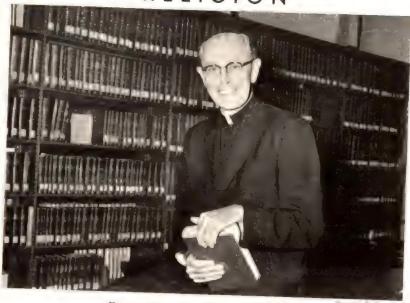
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RELIGION



FATHER MURRAY AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE
Loyola meets Tom Paine, the Inquisition meets the Supreme Court...

City of God & Man

(See Cover)

The all-conquering barbarians were storming the gates of Augustine's city when the saint died in 430. The North African town of Hippo was one of the last imperial outposts to be attacked. Rome had already gone under. Only four years before, St. Augustine's *City of God* had laid the theological groundwork for the church to step into the void left by the collapsing Roman Empire. Ever since, Western civilization and the Christian enterprise have been joined together for better or worse; the church has moved and counter-moved, advanced, backtracked, tottered and triumphed before the contingencies of history. And the barbarian is seldom far from the city gates.

The barbarian is not necessarily known by his bearskin, his ax or his H-bomb, nor does he always pound on his desk in a parliament of nations. He may be as urbane as the 18th century philosophers who prepared the way for the guillotine and the tumbrils. Or, in one man's words: "He may wear a Brooks Brothers suit and carry a ballpoint pen..." In fact, even beneath the academic gown there may lurk a child of the wilderness, untutored in the high tradition of civility, who goes busily and happily about his work, a domesticated and law-abiding man, engaged in the construction of a philosophy to put an end to all philosophy... This is perennially the work of the barbarian to undermine rational standards of judgment, to corrupt the inherited intuitive wisdom by which the people have always lived, and to do this not by spreading new beliefs but by creating a climate of doubt and bewilderment in which clarity about the larger aims of life is dimmed

and the self-confidence of the people is destroyed."

In the considered view of the grave and learned man who wrote those words, that is precisely what is happening to the U.S. John Courtney Murray sees his native America entering a new era of "post-modern man" in a sorry state of ideological disarray that, unless repaired, must doom the best political skill and dedication. His lucid, well-modulated concern for the U.S. has long ago earned him eminence among the cognoscenti with time for learned journals and debate. Now in his first book, *We Hold These Truths* (Sheed & Ward; \$5), he is enter-



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS
...and the Angelic Doctor meets Dewey.

ing a new, broader area of influence. In the months to come, serious Americans of all sorts and conditions—in pin-stripes and laboratory gowns, space suits and housecoats—will be discussing his hopes and fears for American democracy. This in itself betokens a new era in the U.S. For Author Murray is a Roman Catholic priest and a Jesuit.

Who Is Safe? It did not take the 1960 election to establish—though it well served to recall—what a unique encounter of diverse traditions is contained in the words "American Catholic." In the historical reality behind those words, St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of John Courtney Murray's order and soldier-saint, meets Citizen Tom Paine, soldier-atheist, St. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor and patient builder of a great intellectual system, meets John Dewey, pragmatist and patient destroyer of systems. Monasticism, shielding a candle through the Dark Ages, meets the blaze of the Enlightenment. The Inquisition meets the Supreme Court, the apostolic succession meets the claphorn Congregationalist Church, the Sacred Roman Rota meets Reno.

Perhaps in no other society in history could these elements have endured together without mob scenes, crowded prisons and burning stakes. In the U.S., a new kind of commonwealth in the long chronicle of church and state, they have not only endured in peace (by and large), but also they have greatly nourished their common society. Not that they have understood or loved one another. A great many Americans still see their Catholic fellow citizens as vaguely alien and as narrow-minded servants of an absolutist theology. Because their church is vast, diverse and all too easily regarded as "monolithic," American Catholics are often taxed with everything from Spanish Catholic intolerance to Italian Catholic cynicism, from Legion of Decency censorship to neo-Thomist philosophy.

Debating issues of church and state during the 1960 campaign, Catholics sometimes sounded defensive. Not so John Courtney Murray. His lifelong subject of study has been the interaction of America and Catholicism; some critics in his own faith have occasionally held him to be more American than Catholic. Without representing an official position—and without running counter to it—he is now telling his fellow Catholics that they must become more intellectually aware of their "coexistence in a pluralist, heavily Protestant society. But not even remotely is he trying to trim Catholicism to any other faith, or to the absence of faith. In his view, Catholics can make a major contribution—perhaps the decisive contribution—to an American society in spiritual crisis. His terms may startle some non-Catholics. "The question is not," says Murray, "whether Catholicism is safe for democracy, but whether democracy is safe for Catholicism."

The Separation. Most Americans, when they hear about conflicts between "church and state," think of certain concrete issues that reach the headlines. On most of these,

Murray has taken liberal and eloquent positions. Item: on government funds for parochial schools, he thinks simple justice demands it, but argues that Catholic pressure for it should be confined to argument and slow persuasion. Item: on censorship, he upholds the right of the church to guide its own faithful and to convince others with its moral judgments, but by persuasion, not boycotts. There is danger, he suggests, in reading bad books, but also "great danger in not reading good books."

Father Murray is generally in favor of the U.S. version of church-state separation, established by the First Amendment and by the principle that government and church function in entirely separate spheres, one caring for the people's earthly well-being, the other endowed with the mission of guiding them toward salvation. This, argues Murray, is an ancient Christian principle, even if often broken by either church or state in less socially and juridically advanced times. Writes Murray: "In 800 A.D., Leo III had a right to crown Charlemagne as Emperor of the Romans; but this was because it was 800 A.D. If there were a Christendom tomorrow—a Christian world-government in a society whose every member was baptized—the Pope, for all the fullness of his apostolic authority, would not have the slightest shadow of a right to 'crown' so much as a third-class postmaster."

But such matters of church and state are all part of a larger issue, as Murray sees it. That issue is the American public philosophy, which must provide a kind of spiritual charter by which all Americans can live together. It is "the constitutional consensus whereby the people acquires its identity as a people and the society is endowed with its vital form... its sense of purpose as a collectivity organized for action in history." To Murray, the civic consensus is constructed neither of psychological rationalizations nor of

economic interests nor of purely pragmatic working hypotheses. "It is an ensemble of substantive truths, a structure of basic knowledge, an order of elementary affirmations that reflect realities inherent in the order of existence."

The Noes Have It. Is there an American consensus? That there was one once is not in doubt. The Founding Fathers knew what they believed and what they wanted for their new Land of the Free, and they carried on their civil argument in terms they shared. What Historian Clinton Rossiter calls the "noble aggregate of 'self-evident truths'" — as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and later in the Bill of Rights — essentially added up to liberty under limited government, guided by law and ultimately relying on God. The builders of



THOMAS JEFFERSON
A providential wall.

the republic knew what they meant by liberty, by law and by God; less obviously but just as importantly, they knew what they meant when they declared, "We hold these truths." They believed that ultimate, universal truth could be perceived by human reason. They also believed, in Murray's words, that "only a virtuous people can be free," that freedom can survive only if the people are "inwardly governed by the moral law."

If there is anything left of this consensus, thinks Father Murray, it is not the doing of U.S. philosophers, most of whom are positivists—whose strictly limited truths must be capable of scientific proof—or pragmatists—whose truths are whatever works. Says Murray: "The American university long since bade a quiet goodbye to the whole notion of an American consensus, as implying that



ST. ROBERT BELLARMINÉ
A human bridge.

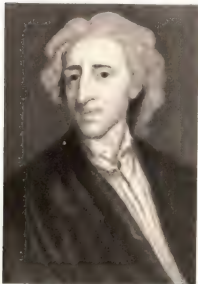
there are truths that we hold in common, and a natural law that makes known to all of us the structure of the moral universe in such wise that all of us are bound by it in a common obedience."

When he talks to academic audiences about an American consensus or, as he sometimes calls it, "the public philosophy," Father Murray is usually greeted by a blank stare or emphatic denial that such a thing exists. "Sir," someone is sure to say, "you refer to 'these truths' as the product of reason; the question is, whose reason?" When Murray replies that it is not a question of whose reason but of right reason, the rejoinder is: "But whose reason is right?"

Thus, to the question of whether an American consensus exists today, Father Murray feels that the noes have it. But says Father Murray, ask if America needs a consensus and the yeas have it.

New Act of Purpose. Murray poses his question cogently: "Can we or can we not achieve a successful conduct of our national affairs, foreign and domestic, in the absence of a consensus that will set our purposes, furnish a standard of judgment on policies, and establish the proper conditions for political dialogue?" Anti-Communism is a poor substitute. If Communism should vanish overnight, he says, Americans would still be faced with the world's disorder and the questions: What kind of order in the world do you want? What truths do you hold? The U.S., says Murray, needs "a new moral act of purpose" beyond the "small-souled purpose of mere survival."

Where is the act of purpose, the work of thought to come from? Even with the will to achieve it, deliberately acquiring a consensus may sound as absurd as deliberately deciding to fall in love. But for those about to embark regretfully on a dubious, consensusless future, Father Murray has a further word. "It just happens," he says in effect, "that I have here



JOHN LOCKE
A rational source.

a device which any reasonably intelligent person may apply to lead him to the consensus, the public philosophy." And with an urbane, engaging smile, out of his long black clericals he pops it: natural law.

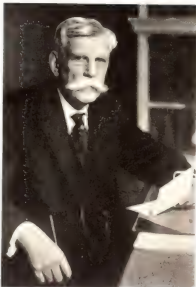
God's Reason. The concept of a law of man's nature prior to the "positive" laws he enacts has meant many things to many thinkers. It is a pre-Christian notion, going back farther than Aristotle, and in the Christian era it is by no means exclusively Catholic. But it was Thomas Aquinas who shaped and polished the idea into one of the strongest and most subtle instruments of civilization.

There is an eternal law, he held, which is God's reason governing the interrelationship of all things. This eternal law has two divisions—divine positive law, accessible to man only through revelation, and natural law or moral law, directly accessible to man through his reason (which, according to the Thomist theory of analogy, bears some relationship to God's). Natural law governs man's relationship to God and to his fellow man.

The criteria of good and evil are to be found in man's nature: man is naturally a social being; therefore the good of society is man's good. Theft, for example is wrong because it subverts the basis of social life, as does any private injury to another. When there is conflict between the satisfaction of two natural requirements, the rational (therefore the lawful) course is to subordinate the lower to the higher. Thus self-preservation is good, but to refuse to risk one's life when the well-being of society demands it is wrong.

Elementary life situations confront even the child with the opportunity to reason out the good to be done and the evil avoided. For instance, says Father Murray, citing an example from St. Thomas, "To know the meaning of 'parent' and of 'disrespect' is to know a primary principle of the natural law, that disrespect to parents is evil, intrinsically and antecedent to any human prohibition." As experience unfolds, more and more precepts are derived—the basis of marriage, property, the state, the nature of justice. As human relationships become increasingly complex, the factoring-out of natural law eludes the unaided reason of the ordinary men. Such questions as the legitimate use of force, economic justice, the duties of employer and employee become the province of what St. Thomas called *sapienties* (the wise).

The Uses of Power. The wise are sometimes called upon to make painful revisions, for the content of natural law may change with time and circumstance. Throughout the Middle Ages, the practice of lending money at interest (usury) was held to be against natural law because money was considered naturally unproductive. The wealth of the church was almost entirely in land, as Bertrand Russell points out, and landowners are borrowers rather than lenders. But when Protestantism arose, its support—especially that of Calvinism—came chiefly from the rich middle class, who were lenders rather than borrowers. Accordingly,



Associated Press

JUSTICE HOLMES
Is law just what the courts will do?

first Calvin, then other Protestants, and finally the Roman Catholic Church, decided that charging interest under proper restrictions was not a violation of natural law after all—although usury in the sense of exorbitant interest still is.

How does natural law apply to some of the larger practical issues of the day? An example is the use of force, which, says Murray, baffles Protestant morality. (The "Eastern seaboard liberal," he says, at once abhors and adores power, since in the matrix of American Protestant culture "power is unconsciously regarded as Satanic.") Old-line Protestant ethics saw social morality as personal morality writ large, which led to such inappropriate questions as "How does one apply the Sermon on the Mount to foreign policy?" This failure to understand the difference between public and private morality, argues Murray, leads to the disastrously false alternatives that often characterize U.S. foreign or military policy, e.g., sentimental pacifism or all-out atomic holocaust. Murray believes that there is morally valid territory between these extremes: that war may be legitimate in the defensive repression of injustice, and that the concept of limited war has moral significance. In general, says Murray, Americans should learn from the natural law tradition that "policy is the meeting place between the world of power and the world of morality."

The New Rationalism. What is the non-Catholic to make of natural law? The Founding Fathers certainly accepted the concept, in one form or another, much of it having reached them through the English common law out of the vast reservoir of Christian tradition. Murray thinks that the Bill of Rights was far less a "piece of 18th century rationalist theory [than] the product of Christian history." In fact, to some it may seem that Murray at times regards the U.S. as having sprung

directly from medieval Christianity—he calls St. Thomas "The First Whig"—with hardly any help from Protestantism or the Enlightenment.

But the main source of natural law to the early republic was of course John Locke, whose version of it was radically different from the Catholic view. Where the Catholic theory sees society as equally given with the person, Locke regarded society merely as something for the convenience of the autonomous individual and not inherent in the nature of man. Murray condemns Locke as too much of an individualist to have "any recognizable moral sense" of the rights of man: "There is simply a pattern of power relationships." Still, when pressed, Murray concedes that Locke's natural law is better than no natural law at all, and throughout much of U.S. history, the concept appeared in the courts and in government.

What caused its decline is chiefly a combination of Protestant theology and modern rationalist philosophy. "The new rationalism," as Murray describes the thought of men like John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, sees man as autonomous, beneath no knowable God, with a conception of natural law as merely "the drive of the whole personality," the striving to "live ever more fully." Calling itself "modern evolutionary scientific humanism," it regards human values such as reason, justice and charity as man-made and human rights as dependent on man for their guarantee. In jurisprudence, it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who defined law as "the prophecies of what the courts will do in fact and nothing more pretentious." Said Holmes: "The jurists who believe in natural law seem to me to be in that naive state of mind that accepts what has been familiar and accepted by them and their neighbors as something that must be accepted by all men everywhere."

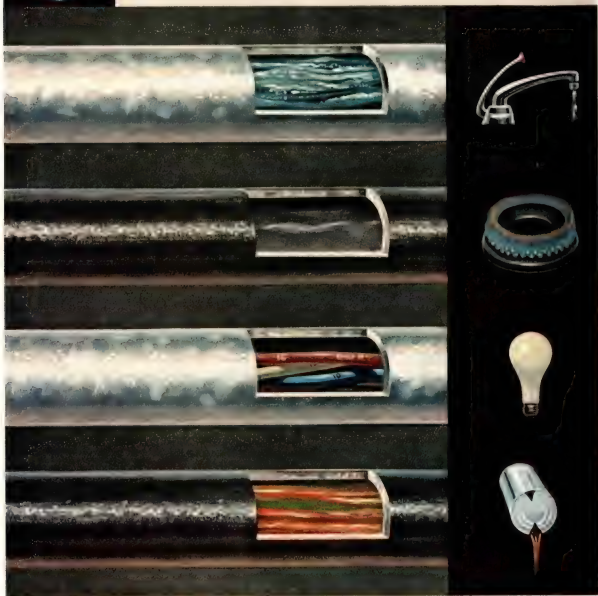
While Murray concedes that natural law has been used vaguely, naively and repressively, he sees far greater danger in the "subtle and seductive system" by which all ethics are considered relative.

In Time of Trouble. Many Protestant theologians are critical of the formal rigidity of the natural law theory; neither they nor the Jews find the stock Biblical proof-text from St. Paul convincing.* Others, notably Karl Barth, reject the Thomist theory of analogy on which the natural law stands; in fallen man, they hold, sin has shattered God's image, and since the Garden of Eden he has had no direct knowledge of God's reason or his will without revelation. Many Protestants distrust the whole Scholastic tradition, which they feel keeps man from direct contact with God by interposing an artificial structure of reason. But some Protestant theologians, while far from accepting the classical Catholic version, are ready to underwrite natural law in some

* "When the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness" (Romans 2:14,15).



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form. Reinhold Niebuhr denies the existence of natural law but concedes "certain laws, certain norms and degrees of universality" (incest, for instance, is almost universally taboo).

Father Murray feels that only inside the Catholic community has natural law endured, therefore Catholic participation in the U.S. consensus has been "full and free, unreserved and unembarrassed, because the contents of this consensus—the ethical and political principles drawn from the tradition of natural law—approve themselves to the Catholic intelligence and conscience. Where this kind of language is talked, the Catholic joins the conversation with complete ease. It is his language. The ideas expressed are native to his own universe of discourse. Even the accent, being American, suits his tongue."

The 1960 election of a U.S. President from the Catholic community dramatizes this claim. And whether or not the Catholics have been the true custodians of the American consensus, as Murray would have it, there is no denying that a new era has begun for Catholics in America, a country that in itself represents a new era in the history of church and state.

Two There Are. The idea that religion and government are different—let alone separate—is a relatively new one. Either the ancient kings were sacred. If not actually gods, or the high priests exercised kingship, as in Israel. Separation began with the concept of an official religion (Plato recommended in his *Laws* that all citizens who refused to accept the state religion should be imprisoned for five years, each day of which they should listen to a sermon). Christianity became a state religion 347 years after the Crucifixion, when the Emperor Theodosius made it the religion of the Roman Empire.

Then began Europe's long up-and-down battle between Pope and Emperor, with the Emperor usually ending up on top. Monarchs customarily appointed bishops in the Middle Ages; when Pope Gregory VII told Emperor Henry IV to stop doing it and was refused, he excommunicated Henry, and had the warming pleasure of keeping the penitent Emperor waiting barefoot in the snow at Canossa for three days before letting him in for forgiveness. But Gregory's fun was soon over. Henry exiled him in 1084, and the back-and-forth went on.

Basic Catholic doctrine on the ordering of society was laid down by Pope Gelasius I in a letter to the Byzantine Emperor Anastasius I in 494: "Two there are, august Emperor, by which this world is ruled on title of original and sovereign right—the consecrated authority of the priesthood and the royal power." This, says Father Murray, established a "freedom of the church" in the spiritual sphere that served to limit the power of government on the one hand, and on the other brought the moral consensus of the people to bear upon the King.

But with the rise of the absolutist monarchies in the 17th century, Gelasius' finely balanced darchy was shattered. Between Pope and King stood a saint who

took 300 years to be canonized. Robert Francis Romulus Bellarmine (1542-1621), whose influence reached far beyond his lifetime. His was a time of upheaval; Galileo was turning the old earth-centered cosmos upside down, a new national consciousness was breaking up the Holy Roman Empire, and the "heresy" of Protestantism was digging in throughout the world. As one of the greatest polemical theologians in his church's history, Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine was in the forefront of the struggle against the Protestants. But within Catholicism he was a transitional figure, facing the modern era with his feet firmly rooted in the Middle Ages. And, like many another human bridge, he was trampled on from both sides.

The temporal authority of the Pope

The French example, feels Murray, became the model of monism—the political theory that "regards the state as a moral end in itself."

But America was a different kind of revolution. In some ways, as Murray puts it, it was not a revolution but a conservation, in that it revived the old freedom of the church. After the colonial phase of religious fanaticism—of setting up state churches and exiling heretics—the early Americans seemed more interested, with the First Amendment, in providing for the freedom rather than the restriction of religion. Catholics knew that a new era had begun when in 1783 the Vatican asked the Continental Congress for permission to establish a U.S. bishopric and was told that, since the matter was purely spiritual,



THE POPE BURNED IN EFFIGY DURING FRENCH REVOLUTION
Is democracy safe for Catholicism?

Culver Pictures

was under challenge by Europe's new rulers, and Cardinal Bellarmine earned the enmity of ecclesiastical conservatives (notably Pope Sixtus V) by maintaining that papal jurisdiction over heads of state was only indirect and spiritual—the position generally accepted today. On the other hand, in opposition to the Scottish jurist Barclay, he denied the divine right of kings, for which one of his books, *De potestate papae*, was publicly burned by the *Parlement* of Paris.

Different Revolution. In the long run, it was the supporters of state power who won out against the champions of church power. In the words of Father Murray, the Gelasian principle of "two there are" became "one there is"—one increasingly powerful state. From absolutist monarchy, Murray sees a straight line of development to modern "totalitarian democracy" via the French Revolution's Jacobin republic, which put the civil government in almost complete control of church affairs. To this day, French separation of church and state makes Thomas Jefferson's famous "wall" look like a split-rail fence,

Congress had no jurisdiction. For the first time in centuries, the Catholic Church was free to work and witness as it saw fit, without special privileges but also without requiring a whole chain of consent from secular government.

New Commonwealth. American pluralist society was a new kind of commonwealth—a nation under God but forcing no one to worship in a particular manner, not because religion was considered unimportant or merely a private affair, but because it was thought that God is best honored by free men. As Roger Williams wrote: "There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship . . . Papists and Protestants, Jews and Turks . . . I affirm that all the liberty of conscience, that ever I pleaded for, turns upon these two hinges—that none of the Papists, Protestants, Jews, or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any."

While the Catholic ideal was—and is—a ship of state in which all acknowledge

the One True Church. U.S. Catholics soon realized that the unique U.S. situation gave them unprecedented freedom to grow. In 1884 the Roman Catholic Third Plenary Council of Baltimore declared: "We consider the establishment of our country's independence, the shaping of its liberties and laws, as a work of special Providence, its framers 'building better than they knew,' the Almighty's hand guiding them."

Under the freedom and protection of the First Amendment, the Catholic Church has flourished in America. The statistics are impressive: the Catholic population increased from 1,767,841 in 1850 to 40,871,302 in 1960, four times faster than the American population as a whole. But the new situation of Catholics in the U.S. is much more than figures. The church of 50 years ago was largely a church of immigrants, whose concern was to protect and build their minority religion in a Protestant land while showing their fellow Americans what all-out patriots they were. Today, an increasing number of well-educated and theologically sophisticated young Catholics are beginning to take part in what Father Murray calls "building the city"—contributing both to the civic machinery and the need for consensus beneath it.

Debate & Dramatics. The Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J., is unquestionably the intellectual bellwether of this new Catholic and American frontier. He is peculiarly well fitted for this role—by intellect, by temperament and, just as important, by a life that has been largely insulated from the psycho-sociological problems of the Catholics in the U.S.

John Courtney Murray was born 56 years ago on Manhattan's then fashionable 19th Street, the son of a prosperous Scottish-born lawyer and an Irish mother—both born Catholics. "I have an idea that my father had been baptized but wandered from the church," says Murray. "But my mother was a practicing Catholic, and after their marriage he rallied around." Early in his childhood, the family moved across the East River to Jamaica, now a crowded segment of the city but then a rural suburb. Here John Murray, with his two sisters, had a happy, uneventful childhood until his father died when he was twelve.

After graduating from high school, where he specialized in debate and dramatics, John Murray abandoned his earlier aim to become a doctor and joined the Society of Jesus at 16. After taking his A.B. at Weston, Mass. and M.A. at Boston College, he taught for the order in the Philippines for three years, then he went to the Jesuit college at Woodstock, Md. for four years of theology. In his third year there, he was ordained, aged 28. He put in two years of theological graduate study at Gregorian University in Rome and various other centers of Catholic learning in Europe before taking up his lifework as professor of theology at Woodstock and editor (since 1941) of the learned quarterly *Theological Studies*.

Thin, towering Father Murray is still

the debater (and more subtly the actor) of his high school days. Lecturing to his classes of fledgling Jesuits at granite-grey Woodstock—where his major specialty is the Trinity—Theologian Murray makes effective use of his long, well-manicured hands and his well-pitched baritone, which is as clear as his well-organized thought.

A Human Good. Murray gave his polemical proclivities a workout in the early '50s with a scholarly drumfire of debate in the pages of the monthly *American Ecclesiastical Review* with its editor, Redemptorist Father Francis J. Connell, and Msgr. Joseph Clifford Fenton, professor of dogma at the Catholic University of America. The subject at issue: Murray's contention that the Vatican should give its formal blessing to the U.S. pluralist system as a new, permanent and viable kind



HENRY IV at CANOSSA
Between Pope and King, the Saint.

of relationship between religion and government. The learned, footnote-stippled discussion ended when Murray was advised by his order that henceforth he would have to clear all his writings on this particular subject with Jesuit headquarters in Rome.

In his present book, carefully putting the matter in question form, Murray suggests that the American system, including the American economy, is more than a material achievement to be held somewhat suspect from the spiritual point of view, but "a human good" and a limited "end-in-itself," recalling the 2nd century dictum of Irenaeus that "the material is susceptible of salvation."

Murray's good friend (and hot disputant), Protestant Reinhold Niebuhr, says warmly of him: "What makes Murray significant is that he thinks in terms of Catholic theology and the American tradition at the same time. He rejoices in being in the American tradition."

Burdened Conscience. The heirs to that tradition face a momentous choice today, as Murray sees it. The modern rationalist and pragmatist experiment, he feels, has failed. That experiment tried to carry on

Western liberalism, whose roots are Christian, without Christianity. The individual conscience, lacking religion to inform and support it, is collapsing under the burden—"poor little conscience," says Murray. Only the monistic state threatens to remain. If this goes on, a spiritual vacuum will grow at the heart of life and into it will rush violence—"the mark of the Architect of Chaos, the Evil One."

But it may not go on. Few Protestants would accept Murray's notion of the fragility of the individual conscience—to them it is neither poor nor little, but under grace the indomitable center of faith. Yet among Protestants, and others, Murray discerns a sense that the "modern era" is over, and with it man's reliance on modern shibboleths—the inevitability of progress, the perfectibility of man on earth, the relativist idea that morality is determined by little more than regional or historical fashion. What is the "post-modern" era to be like?

It offers a major choice to man, says Murray. The choice is between the permanent "Christian revolution with all its hopes of freedom and justice" and the "reactionary counter-revolution" represented by rationalism. Man can either go on to a "new age of order," guided by the moral law, or he can go back to what Theologian Romano Guardini describes as the "interior disloyalty of modern times"—disloyalty not to a state, an ideal or even a faith, but a betrayal of the "structure of reality itself." In that event, the future will belong to a new incarnation of that "senseless, faithless, heartless, ruthless" man whom St. Paul met on the streets of non-Christian Corinth.

The Civil Dialogue. Murray is not guessing which choice will be made, and he is far from sure that the majority of Americans are prepared to accept even the terms in which he states the choice. His expectations, as he says, are minimal; he only hopes to "limit the warfare" of conflicting philosophies and "to enlarge the dialogue." For dialogue, as Murray sees it (and as did St. Thomas), is the very essence of civil society; what makes the multitude civilized is rational, deliberative argument among men ("We hold certain truths; therefore we can argue about them"). Writes Murray: "The cohesiveness of the City is not hot and humid, like the climate of the animal kingdom. It lacks the cordial warmth of love and unreasoning loyalty that pervades the family. It is cool and dry, with the coolness and dryness that characterize good argument among informed and responsible men."

For that kind of argument, Murray may be counted on. At present, he sees not even a "common universe of discourse." The various groups in the pluralist society do not share one another's premises or vocabulary so that only confusion, not real disagreement, results: "Disagreement is not an easy thing to reach." If anyone can help U.S. Catholics and their non-Catholic countrymen toward the disagreement that precedes understanding—John Courtney Murray can.

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MEDICINE

Making Negroes White

Vitiligo, or "piebald skin," is a disease that can be badly disfiguring in Negroes. It is characterized by smooth, light-colored patches of skin from which the natural pigment has disappeared. When it attacks the face, vitiligo sometimes produces a mottled, owl's visage. Victims usually cover the splotches with makeup or, in desperation, resort to tattooing—which rarely helps. Georgetown University's Dr. Robert Stolar last week announced that he got dramatic results from treating vitiliginous Negroes with a drug called monobenzyl ether of hydroquinone (MBEHQ). The drug's effect: it turns Negro skin white.

Spread daily on the body in the form of an ointment, MBEHQ interferes with formation of the natural skin pigment. It works only on Negroes who already exhibit telltale light splotches of vitiligo, therefore have a demonstrated tendency toward depigmentation. Dr. Stolar reported that he had successfully treated more than 300 vitiliginous patients, many of whom chose to use the ointment only on small areas of their skin. But 16 patients who decided to try MBEHQ more extensively, Dr. Stolar said, have achieved almost total body depigmentation, which presumably will last as long as they continue using the drug.

Doctors on Sport

Wiry, 22-year-old Charles Mohr was probably the finest collegiate boxer in the U.S. A University of Wisconsin senior. Mohr was the 1959 intercollegiate champion at 165 lbs., having won 25 fights and lost only five over a four-year period. Last April 9 at Madison, heavily favored to retain his title, he stepped into the ring against San Jose State's Stu Bartell. Minutes later, Boxer Mohr was in a deep coma from an intracranial hemorrhage following a moderate blow to the head. Eight days after the bout, without regaining consciousness, he died.

Bad injuries in sports happen often enough to keep doctors seriously worried. In 1958, the U.S. Air Force announced that 3,222 of its men had been disabled or killed in sports activities during a single year.* Says Harvard University's Dr. Thomas B. Quigley: "Whenever young men gather regularly on green autumn fields, on winter ice, or polished wooden floors to dispute the possession and position of various leather and rubber objects, according to certain rules, sooner or later somebody gets hurt." Last week in Washington, D.C., 100 doctors met for the American Medical Association's second National Conference on the Medical As-

* The breakdown of injuries, with fatalities in parentheses: softball, 703; football, 520; basketball, 504; water sports, 359 (76); winter sports, 154; baseball, 147; volleyball, 137; skeet shooting, 26 (1); hunting, 70 (23); hiking, 16; others, 136. The Air Force reported that 37,013 man-days were lost, at a cost of \$3,753,800.



GEORGETOWN'S DR. STOLAR
Just spread it on daily.

pects of Sports. The question before them: Are organized sports worth the risk? The answer: a qualified yes.

Boxing Is Good. The doctors agreed with Harvard's Quigley that "young men must blow off steam, and the playing field is much to be preferred to the tavern." They disagreed with the University of Wisconsin, which, after Boxer Mohr's death, retired from intercollegiate boxing. Said Newark's Dr. Max M. Novich, one-time University of North Carolina boxer, "As most physicians and educators know, there has been a serious decline in the physical fitness of our youth. Boxing, if properly taught, would be a step in the right direction in conditioning the body as well as adding to the psychological strength of the boy, without undue risk of injury—more so than in any other sport."

New York's Dr. Harry A. Kaplan disputed the popular theory that "punch-drunkness" is the result of repeated head blows during a boxing career. Reporting on a ten-year study of 3,000 electroencephalograms (recordings of the brain's electric currents) taken on boxers, Dr. Kaplan found no relationship between boxing and degenerative brain disease. The "punch-drunk" ex-pug, he concluded, probably would have suffered the same fate had he never boxed at all.

Gynecologic Disorders. Some doctors still fear that women who participate in competitive sports suffer bad effects, including masculinization and menstrual disorders. But Illinois' Dr. Gyula J. Erdelyi insists that most of these fears are groundless. Reporting last week on a study of 729 Hungarian women athletes, Dr. Erdelyi called masculinization claims "highly exaggerated," said that unfavorable changes in the menstrual cycle occur no more frequently among sportswomen

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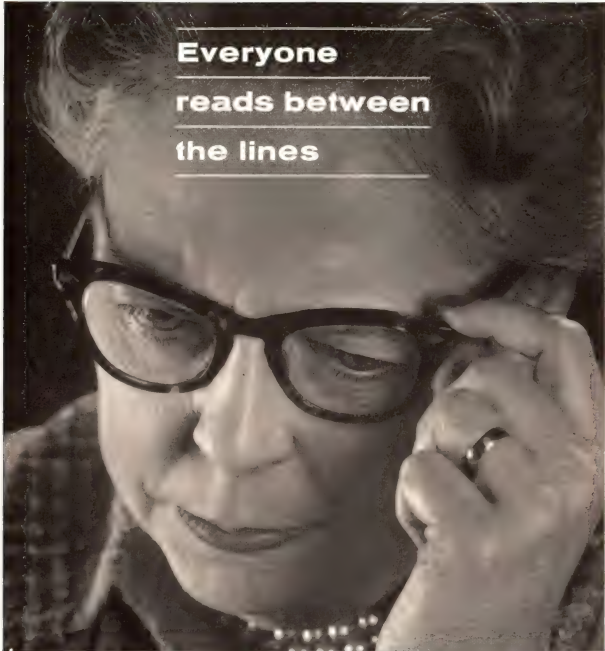
THE THEATER

New Play on Broadway

All the *Way Home* (by Tad Mosel) reshapes for the stage the late James Agee's extraordinary Pulitzer prizewinner *A Death in the Family*. The undertaking could not but be hazardous: beyond the fact that Agee's novel was not quite finished and not quite a novel, what made it memorable was the highly personal charge of the writing—a fine special sharpness of detail and as uncanny a gift of memory as of metaphor. And what the book had in the absence of all unity of form was marked unity of feeling. Considering how much *A Death* lacked that the theater finds important and how much of importance it had that the theater cannot convey, Mosel's adaptation—greatly helped by Arthur Penn's staging—had a good deal to be said for it. Though hardly a play, much of it proved vividly playable, Mosel clearly respecting the book, preserved much of Agee's feeling for people and of his sense of mood and scene and transmitted a poetic nature that never surrendered its realistic, indeed relentless, eye. The best moments in *All the Way Home* illuminate; the best scenes are truly moving.

In this chronicle of family life in Knoxville, Tenn. in 1912, the very theme in the end is family life: husband, wife, small son, in-laws, generations, dissimilar family backgrounds, differences over religion, conflicts due to temperament, conjugal love, ultimate human separateness. What shifts various stresses, what tightens and loosens knots, is the impact on so many lives of young Jay Follet's sudden death in an automobile accident. The immediately wrenching impact above all on Jay's pregnant wife, gives the play its most powerful scene, an emotional climax from which the rest of the play moves downward. Jay's death not only reveals character, it challenges and shakes it. Secret human doors suddenly fly open, and inconsistency occasionally raises its honest face.

There are things in *All the Way Home* that seem quite wrong. Jay's brother looms too large, performs too loud; the play is far too long in ending and then ends badly. Other things in the play seem insufficient and even flat: scenes lack outward drama without displaying any of Agee's inner force. But, with good performances by Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon and John Megna (as the small son), the people, most of them, smell of life and their behavior smacks of truth. Miles apart as in many ways they are, Agee-like Chekhov, really substituted feeling for drama, like Chekhov tinged sadness with humor, and showed a compassion that, though it might not acquit errant beings, would always pardon them. It is for such things that *All the Way Home*, whatever its inadequacies, has more small coins of pure silver to offer, and less stage money, than any other American play this season.



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SOYER'S "PEDESTRIANS," INCLUDING SELF-PORTRAIT (LEFT)

Oblivious People

In his life as in his work, Raphael Soyer, 60, is one of the quietest of American painters. Short (5 ft. 2 in.) and shy, he speaks in a voice so low that listeners must cup their ears to hear him. But his feelings run deep, and his words are often blunt. This week 32 oils and 34 of his drawings are on display at Manhattan's ACA Gallery in his first show in four years. They were like the man himself: strangely still, unexpectedly strong.

Ever since his boyhood in Tambov, Russia, Soyer wanted to be an artist. Along with two of his brothers, Moses and Isaac, both professional painters today, he made endless sketches of horses and Cossacks, which his father would painstakingly correct. In 1913 the family moved to the U.S. to escape Russia's chronic anti-Semitism, and in time Raphael went to evening art classes at Manhattan's Cooper Union. He quit high school in his sophomore year, worked as a messenger boy, a factory hand, even did a stint in a shop that turned out cheap, flowery embroidery. But he spent every spare moment sketching.

His earliest paintings were for the most part street scenes in which buildings and bridges, walls and traffic overwhelmed the tiny humans that lived in the city. Gradually the human grew bigger and bigger, until the figure itself dominated the canvas. Soyer longed to paint portraits in the

manner of Thomas Eakins, "completely ungratifying, starkly honest." Degas was another influence, turning Soyer to the natural grace of young women going about some daily task, oblivious to the world.

In Degas' case, the subject was apt to be a ballet dancer; in Soyer's, it might be a young actress, a painter or a seamstress. But all his figures—whether a girl, a member of his family, or even himself—have the same bemused quality. "When people are by themselves, they begin to look like that," he explains. "Even in a crowd, they walk against you without seeing you, their expression a kind of moody emptiness." Soyer's people live in a world of subdued color, curved motion and meticulous design; yet they brim with individual life.

Soyer will go to melodramatic lengths to show his distaste for nonobjective painting. In one lecture he displayed slides of five abstract paintings, defied his audience to tell him which two were done by professional artists and which was the work of a parrot, a monkey, and a child in nursery school. "What satisfaction does one get from painting in a way that requires no knowledge, no technical skill? What pride in accomplishment can one have? Nonrepresentational art is nothing more than personalized decoration," says Soyer firmly, if barely audibly. "Good representational art is something for contemplation. Like building cathedrals, it involves the hand, the mind and the human spirit."

Hidden Masterpieces

HISTORICALLY, the reigning princes of Liechtenstein have chosen to live outside that hereditary principality, usually in their luxurious Austrian palaces. Liechtenstein offers a prince neither size (it is one-seventeenth the size of Rhode Island, has only 16,000 people) nor scope (Switzerland, its western neighbor, handles posts, customs and foreign interests). The current monarch, Prince Franz Joseph II, has broken with history. He lives in Vaduz (pop. 3,300), Liechtenstein's capital. There he keeps—almost entirely to himself—one of the greatest private art collections in the world. Except for a 1943 show of 200 works in Lucerne, hardly any of the prince's 1,500 paintings, 75 tapestries, or the vast assortment of bronzes, porcelain, baroque silver, Renaissance sculpture, Gothic and Renaissance furniture are ever seen by the public. Instead, 95% of the collection stays in the prince's castles, mostly in the cellar and a tower of the castle at Vaduz. The prince neither adds much nor sends anything out on loan.

Art Dealers' Delight. Until the 16th century and the time of Prince Karl, the princes of Liechtenstein were collectors not so much of art as of booty. Then Karl, a prince of the Holy Roman Empire and an Imperial viceroy in Prague, put a palaceful of artists and artisans at work turning out paintings and works of silver and gold. His son, Karl Eusebius, was even more ardent. He was the delight of Vienna and Antwerp art dealers, for he would buy up whole collections at a time, and added such names to his catalogue as Memling and Van der Goes. He once instructed his son: "With your consort, you and all your successors will be devoted lovers of art and rarities as well."

His descendants took him at his word. Prince Johann Adam bought a slew of Van Dycks and Rubens, possibly including Rubens' voluptuous Venus with the golden hair (see color 1). Prince Josef Wenzel, one of the gayest generals in the army of the Empress Maria Theresa, owned so many paintings that, in addition to his main gallery in Vienna, he had to set up sub-galleries in four other castles. The present prince's great-uncle added paintings by Filippino Lippi, Botticelli and Rembrandt.

Treasures by the Row. Today most of these paintings hang in storage in rows so close together that a person can barely squeeze through. Some paintings lie higgledy-piggledy on tables and shelves. Bronze statues are strewn about, cloaked in spider webs. There are works by Jan Brueghel, Lucas Van Leyden, Jan van de Velde and Lucas Cranach the Elder. One portrait of a woman is believed to be by Leonardo da Vinci. One of the rarest items is the brooding portrait of a man (see color), attributed—rightly or wrongly—to the 15th century artist Jean Fouquet.

Of the 1,500 paintings, only 74—including the Venus—can be seen by the public. They hang on the third floor of a building



JEAN FOUQUET'S "BUST OF A MAN"



PETER PAUL RUBENS' "TOILETTE OF VENUS"

in Vaduz, above the National Tourist Office and the Postage Stamp Museum. And aside from occasionally selling a painting, the prince, whose interests are mostly confined to his investments, pays little heed to his dusty hidden treasure.

Surrealistic Sanity

For the crowded opening of its new show last week, Manhattan's D'Arcy Galleries had gone to all sorts of pains to set the right mood. Through loudspeakers came the false notes struck by a small child practicing the piano. In one nook were three white hens, in another a gypsy fortuneteller. A green hose snaked through the various rooms, a bicycle hung upside down from the ceiling, an old-fashioned time clock stood euard at the door. With such zany flourishes, surrealism came back to Manhattan in force for the first time in 18 years.

The show was organized by Poet André Breton, 64, who wrote the first surrealist manifesto in 1924 and still presides over a dogged group of followers in Paris. Breton chose the artists to be represented from all over Europe and the U.S. Gentle, 73-year-old Marcel *(Nude Descending a Staircase)* Duchamp, who 37 years ago gave up painting in favor of chess, helped hang the exhibition at the gallery. The paintings were anywhere from 44 years to a few months old, showing that there is life of a sort in the old movement yet.

Originally, the aim of the surrealists—aside from the aim to shock and to make publicity—was to open up the realm of hallucination, of legend, dreams, and even madness. "The marvelous is always beautiful; any facet of the marvelous is beautiful; indeed, only the marvelous is beautiful," wrote Breton. In one way, time has been kind to the movement, for the best of its members were good artists. But in a world so inured to artistic high jinks, much of the marvelous is gone.

Last week it was the old masters who stole the show—Yves Tanguy with his unearthly landscapes, Francis Picabia with a grotesque pair of spiky-chinned lovers, the German Richard Oelze with buildings and people that look as if they had been submerged in water for years. There were wooden moons and seas by Max Ernst, a geometric *Anthony and Cleopatra* by Philadelphia-born Man Ray, a couple of dreamy street scenes by Italy's Giorgio de Chirico. Among the younger artists, none were equal in quality, and some seemed to be more action painters than surreal. Robert Rauschenberg's *Red Sheets*, pillow and quilt daubed with paint—and Jasper Johns's *Target*, with its anatomical sculptures, including a penis—were merely repulsive.

Some years ago, Marcel Duchamp himself said: "Movements begin as a group formation and end with the scattering of individuals." Yet the exhibit showed something else about the oldtimers. What once seemed sick now seems strangely sane; the surrealists were wild but seldom undisciplined, and with their hoses, their hens and their bicycles, they knew how to laugh at themselves.

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THE PRESS

Let the South Go

The 7,000 readers of the Virginia City (Nev.) *Territorial Enterprise* are no strangers to proposals in ornate Victorian prose to turn the clock back. Some time after he revived the long dormant *Enterprise* for a plaything in 1952, aging (57) Dandy Lucius Beebe, onetime high-society chronicler for the New York *Herald Tribune*, genially proclaimed: "The editorial policy of the *Enterprise* is benevolent backwardness—reaction against everything." Last week the enterprising *Enterprise*, tongue only half in cheek, declared that since the centennial of the Civil War is to be observed next year, it might be fitting to reverse history and have the President of the U.S. "as umpire of battle re-creations" declare that the South had won after all. "In other words, permit the Southern states to secede from the Union for keeps. For nine decades they've been out of step with the rest of the nation anyhow, so why not accept the fact and permit the Confederate States of America to officially form itself."

"The benefits that would accrue are almost dazzling. No longer would the country's progress be obstructed or impeded by Southern Congressmen hoary with seniority and ready to invoke the filibuster whenever their sectional demands are thwarted. No longer would the law-abiding states of the Union be dismayed by the doings of the Faubuses and the Davises and other rabble-rousers. . . .

"At this very moment," the editorial concluded, "groups of Southern electors are on record as bombastically bragging that their states' mandates in the matter of casting of electoral votes need not be obeyed. At this very moment one of the South's truly civilized and gracious cities—



EDITOR RICHARDS
The war needed a rewrite.

New Orleans, is torn by ugly racial strife openly encouraged by those sworn to uphold the laws. Should the Confederacy be established, such shenanigans would be of no more than parochial interest, to be regarded by the 42 United States in the same light as revolts in Iran. . . . The Southerners could buy our automobiles and we would buy their textiles. Barley would go for bourbon and books for petroleum. The U.S. would undoubtedly do the handsome thing by sponsoring the C.S.A. for entry into the United Nations, where Khrushchev & Co. would soon learn a thing or two about the fine art of obstructionism.

The idea was characteristic of Playboy Beebe's style, but the earnest undertone of it (something Beebe religiously avoids) marks it as the work of Managing Editor Robert L. Richards, 49. Richards didn't expect to lose many readers, even among Nevada's transplanted Southerners. Said he: "Of course, I meant it in a light way. But I really feel that the South has been a pain in the neck for 90 years, and we would be better off without them. And I know a lot of other people around here feel the same way."

Enough Is Never Enough

At 66, a Canadian named Roy Thomson has become an international press lord without peer or precedent (TIME, Nov. 14). Beginning in 1934 with a back-country Canadian newspaper, Businessman Thomson has quietly forged a chain of 76 newspapers (including London's prestigious *Sunday Times*) in six countries. Last week, round, rosy and insatiable, Thomson laid out \$5,000,000 to add five new links to his chain in still another country: Northern Ireland.

For his money, Thomson acquires a



PUBLISHER THOMSON
The Emperor seemed responsive.

THE WAGES NOBODY COUNTS

Ask a wage earner his income, and he's likely to tell you his hourly rate. He forgets what many of us forget—that so-called fringe benefits are also part of his compensation. Fringe benefits* have a definite dollars-and-cents value. So, in a very real sense, they are supplemental wages.

A study shows that these supplemental wages average more than 62 cents per man-hour worked in business and industry. Another survey reveals that this is approximately six times as much as the average worker thinks fringe benefits cost. Obviously, these employee benefits cost billions and billions of dollars—on top of direct wages.

Fringe benefits actually amount to 19% of the average business and industrial payroll—so much that it's high time to stop taking fringe benefits for granted, and to value them as supplemental wages.

*Vacations, holidays, group insurance, pensions, etc.

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five-sixths interest in the venerable, liberal Belfast *Telegraph* (circ. 196,000), biggest and best daily in Northern Ireland's overcrowded field, plus the Belfast *Weekly Telegraph*, the daily *Telegraph's* international edition, which circulates to Irishmen round the world. The deal also includes *Ireland Saturday Night*, a prosperous sports magazine with 100,000 subscribers, and two other thriving Irish weeklies.

Thomson also announced an impending

expansion of his beachhead in Africa where he recently bought a half interest in a Nigerian newspaper chain. Prince Selassie ("who seemed very responsive") Thomson intends to establish an Ethiopian news agency and two Ethiopian dailies—one in English and one in Amharic. And in partnership with the influential Aga Khan, he is laying plans for five new papers in Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika.

MILESTONES

Morried. Lana Turner, 39, who foreshadowed 3-D as the screen's original Sweater Girl; and California Rancher Fred May, 43; she for the sixth time; he for the second; in Santa Monica, Calif. Miss Turner's previous husbands: Clarinetist Artie Shaw; Restaurateur Steve Crane, whom she married twice ("I was lonely, I have to have someone to love, and there was Steve"); Socialite and Tin-Plate Heir Bob Topping ("This is forever"); Film Tarzan Lex Barker.

Divorced. By Jazz Pianist Hazel Scott, 40; Harlem's fast-stepping, quick-talking Democratic Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., 52; after 15 years of marriage; one child, and a long estrangement; in Juárez, Mexico.

Divorced. Sir Laurence Olivier, 53; and Vivien Leigh, 47 (*Antony and Cleopatra*, *Machbeth*); after 20 years of marriage, no children; by decree nisi, in London, where in the same court, on the same day, Joan Plowright, 29, droll, saucer-eyed English actress (*A Taste of Honey*, *The Entertainer*), was divorced from Actor Roger Gage, 30, after seven years of marriage, no children. Both actions proceeded with classic Noel Cowardly coolness. Miss Leigh admitting adultery in Ceylon. Sir Laurence admitting adultery with Miss Plowright in Helsinki. Court costs of the four-way, jet-speed split were charged to Sir Laurence who intends to wed Miss Plowright now that everything is cleared up.

Died. David Hinshaw Yoo, 11 months, great-grandson of the late John Foster Dulles and only child of Dulles' granddaughter Janet Hinshaw and Hyon Yoo, a Columbia-trained Korean economics professor, now at Seoul University; in an accident when the infant became entangled in an electric blanket; in New York.

Died. Richard Wright, 52, whose slashing bestsellers (*Native Son*, *Black Boy*) scarred the conscience of white America more deeply than the works of any other Negro writer of his time; of a heart attack; in Paris, where he had lived as an expatriate since 1948. Mississippi plantation-horn, Wright grew up "naturally as a weed" in the noisome shadows of saloons and whorehouses, left home at 15 and drifted from one menial job to another

until he turned to writing "because I was not prepared to be anything else." A depression-era Communist who broke with the party in the 1940s, Wright took the position: "In America there is no Negro problem but a white problem. Any time the white wants to change it, it will be solved. The Negro is powerless."

Died. Max Pruss, 69, captain of the air ships *Graf Zeppelin* and *Hindenburg*, who never fully recovered from burns suffered as he leaped from the hydrogen-filled *Hindenburg* when it exploded in Lakehurst, N.J. in 1937; killing 36 people; but who steadfastly argued to the end that helium-filled dirigibles were the cheapest, safest and most comfortable form of air travel; of pneumonia; in Frankfurt West Germany.

Died. John Elliott Rankin, 78, for 32 consecutive years (1920-52) Congressman from the First District of Mississippi; of a heart attack; in Tupelo, Miss. A shrewd parliamentarian, for all his demagoguery, wiry John Rankin consistently backed veterans' benefits and rural electrification (he co-sponsored the TVA bill with Senator George Norris), was equally steadfast in vituperating Negroes, Jews, labor unions and Communists (real or imagined) in a manner matched only by his fellow Mississippian, Senator Theodore Bilbo.

Died. Donald Randall Riechberg, 79, sometime New Deal lawyer who helped draft the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act, then shifted into business-baiting ("the despotic power of those 'royal families' which control large industries") to business-boasting (as counsel to Ford Motor Co., Transamerica Corp.) and wound up a vehement opponent of labor-union "monopolies," social security, public housing, integration, minimum wage laws; of a heart attack; in Charlottesville, Va.

Died. Dirk Jan de Geer, 89, Netherlands ex-Premier, who after the German invasion of his country in 1940 briefly headed a London government-in-exile, later returned to The Netherlands, where he spent the rest of the war, came close enough to collaborating with the Nazis to draw a one-year suspended prison sentence for high treason in 1947; in Soest.



FUN, SURPRISE, ENTERTAINMENT, INFORMATION

*You get them all in LIFE. Take this week's issue. For fun: toys that teach; bowling alleys that are providing a sporty social whirl for 8 million American women. For surprise: how independence cost a Congo king 750 wives; how a 16-year-old boy from California made good on his wish to swim the Hellespont. For entertainment: a review that gives you a front-row seat at a new Broadway hit, *Advise and Consent*; an eight-page preview in color of a great new spectacular movie, *Exodus*. For information: a word-picture-cartoon take-out on the U.S. Gold drain; LIFE's own report and appraisal of the Wriston Committee's National Goals. Great reading—great looking.*

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LIFE

NAA is at work in the fields of the future



This is the airplane that is called the B-70 Valkyrie. America is building it for the Air Force. It will cruise at more than 2000-mph (Mach 3)—a mile every two seconds, or faster than the speed of a rifle bullet. Flying faster than the earth rotates beneath it, the B-70 will see the sun rise in the West or set in the East. It is a multi-purpose intercontinental bomber—the most advanced manned aircraft being built in the Free World today. The B-70, with its capability of positive retaliation, will maintain America's mixed



deterrent force to help keep the peace. It will also pave the way for the first supersonic commercial airliner. Such a plane would cut current jet travel time by two-thirds — make possible 75-minute transcontinental flight. The B-70 is a fitting counterpart to advanced space age technology. It is a demonstration of American foresight and aviation leadership that such a plane is taking shape today. Prime responsibility for the design and manufacture of the B-70 has been entrusted to **North American Aviation, Inc.** 

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Winter's Chill

The U.S. economy, entering the last month of a disappointing year, last week was chilled by more unpleasant news. Unemployment in November seemed headed for a new postwar high for the month. With increases among the jobless in 48 out of 50 states, November unemployment was up more than 300,000 over October to an estimated 4,200,000, according to preliminary figures based on the number of workers drawing unemployment compensation.

After a two-month rise that temporarily heartened businessmen, manufacturers' orders turned about and dropped 4% in October, sending the backlog of unfilled orders to the lowest point in two years. Manufacturers' sales fell 1% in October for their sixth monthly decline in a row. What was even more disturbing to economists—and the chief cause of the orders slump—was that businessmen are still living off their inventories instead of reordering. In October, business inventories fell \$400 million from September for their fourth straight decline.

The Christmas Test. One big test for the economy is whether retail stores will be able to top—or at least match—last year's record Christmas sales. Merchants are confident that an extra selling day and the consumer's yuletide spirit, helped by record personal income, will do the trick. So far, the signs are mixed. Department-store sales have been edging up for several weeks, reached a new high last week for the year. But for four straight weeks they have been running slightly below 1959 levels. Merchants blame part of the lag on unseasonably warm weather, hope the coming of colder weather will stir the consumers to buy.

Adding to the consumer's buying power, pay boosts averaging 9.4¢ per hour last week went to 450,000 steelworkers under the 30-month contract that ended last year's steel strike. The big question whether the settlement would bring an

inflationary price rise at last seemed to be answered: with steel operating at 49% of capacity, the major steel producers were in no position to raise prices.

Wait & See. The next warming bit of news amid the chill was a rise in construction contracts awarded in October (see below). They topped the year before by 6%, the third monthly rise in a row, and set a new record for that month. Housing starts in October rose from September to 109,900, although they continued to trail last year. Said George Cline Smith, vice president and chief economist of F. W. Dodge Corp.: "This activity will help to ensure that the current business dip will be quite mild and of short duration, since construction is the nation's largest fabricating industry."

General Electric Chairman Ralph Cordiner demonstrated his confidence in the future by announcing that G.E. plans to "continue and in some areas to increase" its capital spending in 1961 despite an expected cut in sales and earnings in 1960's last quarter and 1961's first quarter. While G.E.'s earnings have been pinched by price-cutting caused by heavy foreign and U.S. competition, Cordiner believes that price cuts "have about run their course," and that the electrical equipment industry is due for a "leveling off, or gradually higher prices."

Viewing the week's preponderantly bearish news, the stock market adopted the wait-and-see attitude of most businessmen. After a post-election surge, it dropped off slowly during the week, rallied at week's end to 596 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, down 10.47 points for the week. The big question now is whether the market will stage the traditional year-end rally that it has missed only twice in the last decade.

A Lift from Highways

The trend up in construction was led by road-building contracts. They took a hefty jump of 47% over October last year. For the first ten months, road contracts were 15.5% ahead of 1959.



Most of the rise can be attributed to loosening of purse strings in the federal road-building program. Washington has allowed states to take all the grants in this three-month quarter that they would normally get in six months, pumping an extra \$718 million into the economy this year. (The cost is divided 90% federal, 10% state on interstate highways, fifty-fifty on other roads.) Most states have their share of the cash they must put up because the increased number of cars (latest count: 57,100,000) has boosted gasoline tax revenues. e.g., Virginia will raise her 1961 highway spending 61%, Wisconsin 41%, Michigan 18%, Missouri 8%, Texas 7%.

New Savings. The states are getting another unexpected bonus: highway building costs have run against the trend of all other types of construction and have dropped 4.4% since their 1957 high. California's highway commission says that it has saved "many millions of dollars" from what it expected to pay for roads—and California drivers benefit because the state pours all its savings into new roads.

Costs are down partly because contractors expanded their equipment to get ready for the Federal Government's enlarged program. But it was cut back in



MOBIL ASPHALT'S ROAD BUILDER
For motorists, an unexpected bonus.

1959 after the Bureau of Public Road, depleted its funds with heavy spending to combat the 1958 recession. Some contractors needed work to pay for their expensive equipment, and they began making low bids, often at cost, to get the work. They complain bitterly about the price-chopping competition. One large builder says his profits are down 50% since 1957; another says his "are so slim they are almost negligible."

Labor-saving machinery is also playing a big part in holding down costs. Aurora, Ill.'s Barber-Greene Co. built a giant \$500,000 mobile asphalt plant for Fort Lauderdale's Mobil Asphalt Co., complete with mixing machines, road paver, bunkhouse and machine shop, which rolls under its own power to a job. In a matter of hours it can be set up and with one man operating it, produce 250 tons of asphalt an hour. It will finish in 70 days a 65-mile stretch of highway which was scheduled to take 150 days. Milwaukee's Chain Belt Co. sells a paving machine that squeezes concrete out like toothpaste onto a roadbed without laying any pre-built forms. It slides its own form along with it, eliminates twelve to 15 men. General Motors Euclid division developed a machine with giant hydraulically operated teeth that rip out rock at considerably less cost than blasting.

New Methods. State highway departments have also lowered costs by accepting new building methods. Texas gives a contractor a choice of materials to use on a job so that he can pick the cheapest, e.g., steel or prestressed concrete on bridges. Michigan and other states save time and money by making their surveys by aerial photography. Oklahoma has found that building roads across open country rather than following old highways has cut land-buying costs.

The cost picture is so encouraging that Federal Highway Administrator Bertram Tallamy says it looks as if the \$41 billion estimate of the total cost of the federal program is still good. He made it in 1958 after cost increases had forced him to raise his original 1956 estimate by 45%.

GOVERNMENT

Should the Gold Be Set Free?

How wise or necessary is the U.S. law that requires 25% of all Federal Reserve notes and deposits (85% of all currency in circulation) to be backed by gold? Last week one of the most prominent voices in the financial world declared that the 15-year-old reserve requirement, long considered the soul of economic orthodoxy, has outlived its usefulness. Said Henry Clay Alexander, chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., addressing the annual meeting of the Investment Bankers Association in Hollywood, Fla.: "Repeal of the 25% gold-backing provision would be a logical step in the further improvement of our international monetary framework."

Alexander's proposal came when the flight of gold from the U.S., caused by a worsening balance of U.S. payments, was



MORGAN GUARANTY'S ALEXANDER
For bankers, an argument.

approaching a crisis. The Treasury Department announced last week that the loss of gold in November was the biggest the U.S. has ever sustained, reached nearly \$500 million for the month to raise the year's loss to more than \$1.5 billion, almost all of it in 1960's second half. So serious was the situation that Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson got on the phone to Henry Ford II and offered "suggestions" about the advisability of Ford's offer to buy all the stock of its British subsidiary (TIME, Nov. 28), which presumably would add some \$300 million to the U.S. gold outflow. Ford politely said that the company was going ahead.

Recognizing that the world is waiting to see what the U.S.'s next move will be,

Alexander added that any change "probably should wait until our balance of payments position shows more clearly the results of our buckling down to the basic problems. In that favorable setting, repeal of the gold reserve requirement will be seen for what it is—a change to a more realistic statement of the strength of our gold position."

"Gold is still the stern voice of monetary discipline," said Alexander, but its chief function is no longer to redeem domestic currency (which has not been redeemable in gold for 27 years) but to back the dollar in international settlements. "Requiring a reserve of 25% in gold against the notes and deposits of the Federal Reserve banks makes our gold supply for international payments only about one-third of our total gold holdings. Nearly \$12 billion worth is set aside as a reserve against something it cannot be used to redeem. Such requirements illogically make a country's domestic money supply a charge against its international reserves."

Influential Backers. Alexander got a quick answer from the *Wall Street Journal*, which snorted that "we hardly think that changing the rules would be a step in the improvement of our monetary framework." But most Washington economists wholeheartedly backed the change, were concerned only with the psychological effects it might have at the present time, not with the idea's basic soundness. It already has some influential backers. The International Monetary Fund in 1958 recognized the advantages of reducing or eliminating the gold reserve requirement, and Roy Reiersen, vice president of Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co., proposed the abolition of the requirement last year.

The reason for questioning the reserve requirement is that it has not proved necessary. It was set up to guard against wildly inflationary printing-press money,

TIME CLOCK

INCREASED DIVIDENDS are going to shareholders in many companies. Chrysler announced 50¢ per share extra dividend, Union Pacific 40¢ per share, Santa Fe 25¢ per share. American Motors raised its quarterly dividend from 25¢ to 30¢ per share; Armour raised its from 30¢ to 35¢ per share.

AIR FARE INCREASES will get a friendly reception from the Civil Aeronautics Board. In making permanent three temporary increases, CAB said airlines should ask for higher fares if they do not earn 10.5% on their investments. Average return now: 3%.

COUNTRY CLUB DUES may go up because of new Internal Revenue ruling on all nonprofit social clubs. Revenue bureau is cracking down on clubs that have too much income from rentals of club facilities for outside functions, a device used by

many clubs to keep dues down. Taxmen cited a club that made 25% of its income from rentals, said it would have to pay full tax on all its income.

CIGARETTE SMOKING will hit a new record this year for the fourth consecutive year—475 billion cigarettes, up 4.8% from 1959, says Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. President William Cutchins.

NEW NAVY ATTACK PLANE, the Intruder, will be built by Grumman Aircraft under a \$70,100,000 contract. The twin-jet plane is first U.S. ship to tilt tail pipes downward so jet blast can help lift it off carrier.

TRADING-STAMP BAN won a state Supreme Court test in Wyoming, first state in 40 years to uphold a law outlawing stamps. Said the Wyoming court: "The lure of trading stamps is an evil" because it discriminates against small merchants.



EDWARD H. STILES

Proxy Fighter by Proxy

ALLAN PRICE KIRBY

ONE of the richest men in the U.S. is Allan Price Kirby, 68, whose personal fortune is estimated at nearly \$300 million. He is chairman, president

and controlling stockholder of Alleghany Corp., the vast holding company whose assets include control of the New York Central Railroad and the \$3 billion Investors Diversified Services, the biggest U.S. mutual fund group. Despite this considerable power, quiet, courtly Allan Kirby habitually wears the look of a doleful Alfred Hitchcock—and last week he had his reasons. Texas Millionaire Clint Murchison and his two sons, once Kirby's partners in Alleghany (TIME, Sept. 19), are trying to take Alleghany away from him in what was shaping up as the biggest proxy fight in many a year.

Allan Kirby is an old proxy fighter himself, but in the past he was able to do his battling by proxy: he supplied the capital while the fighting was done by his more flamboyant partner, Financier Robert Young. When Young killed himself two years ago, Kirby had no choice but to take over the management of Alleghany. Soon showed that the days of Young's financial derring-do were out. Explains Kirby: "Young had such a restless disposition that he could not resist the fatal mistake of jumping in and out of good investments before they even came close to meeting their potential."

KIRBY does no jumping. He inherited some \$50 million from his father, put most of it into blue chips and let his profits rise. He is the largest single stockholder in the Woolworth Co., in the New York Central, in Manhattan's Manufacturers Trust Co. as well as in Alleghany. Alleghany not only controls the Central and I.D.S. but also owns 51% of the Class B stock of the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

Kirby's father made his money in nickels and dimes, starting as a bookkeeper in the Watertown, N.Y. country store that launched the Woolworth chain. His father soon took the Woolworth gospel to Wilkes Barre, Pa., opened his own store there. Young Allan went to Lawrenceville preparatory school and Lafayette College, learned to value nickels by working in the store on holidays for 5¢ an hour. After a World War I stint in the Navy, he returned to Wilkes Barre to build up a thriving Chrysler auto dealership. The turning point in his career came in 1935, when his father's

tax lawyer, Walter Orr, introduced the young businessman to another ambitious young man, Bob Young.

The pair was oddly matched. The volatile Young sniffed out the big financial game and was generally credited with Alleghany's success or failure. But cautious Kirby made the final decisions—because he had the money. Since Young was perpetually in motion, they usually conferred long distance by phone, were never very close socially. Once Kirby invited Young to his salmon-fishing camp on the Gaspé Peninsula, Kirby complained that Young spent most of the weekend writing a poem on salmon fishing. But the poem, signed by Young, now hangs framed on Kirby's office wall, together with a picture signed: "To Allan, the steadfast, who made it possible—with my undying appreciation."

WHEN Young died, Kirby simplified the company's capital structure, placed the preferred stock on a current-dividend basis, and let Alleghany's cash hoard build up. His reluctance to put Alleghany's cash to work caused a break with the Murchisons, as well as Young's widow, who sold her stock to the Murchisons to abet their proxy battle.

Tycoon Kirby keeps a close watch on Alleghany's nickels and dimes. He often hefts the mail sent by subsidiaries to see if they have used unnecessary postage, shoots them a stiff A.P.K. reprimand if they have. As a hobby he collects, appropriately enough, dime novels, e.g., the Liberty Boys, the Nick Carter series. But when it comes to houses, Kirby acts the tycoon. For fishing he keeps the Gaspé camp; for winter quail hunting he has a ten-room Civil War plantation house on a lake in South Carolina; for football weekends he bought Château Chavaniac, a replica of Lafayette's villa in France, at Easton, Pa., frequently flies in a planeload of friends for Lafayette College games. He has an 1812 mansion in Morristown, N.J., which he has converted into an office, commutes to Manhattan twice a week. He lives on a 64-acre estate in nearby Harding Township with his wife Marian, close to their four children.

To complaints about his unimaginative management of cash-heavy Alleghany, Kirby replies that when he took over after Young's death, the stock was selling at 4½ but is now selling at 9½. Kirby, who believes that the current slump is more serious than most people think, sees no point now in speculating. "In today's market," he says, "we make money by not investing it."

a danger that the Government's prudent money managers have shown themselves capable of preventing without the need for the gold-backing law. The U.S. is the world's only major nation with gold-backing requirements, which have actually been reduced over the years; the only others are Switzerland and Belgium. The practical impact of the law is lost because the present U.S. money supply is backed by 38% in gold instead of 25%. The Federal Reserve Board can suspend the backing indefinitely in a real emergency, thereby depriving it of any solid gold status. Yet the reserve provisions leave so little gold left for international settlements—about \$6 billion of the nation's \$18 billion stock—that when the level drops, foreign bankers get nervous and turn their balances in the U.S. into gold, thus speeding up the outflow.

Where It Counts. The expansion of international trade requires more gold in circulation, yet the U.S. holds half the free world's gold and keeps two-thirds of it tied up by its reserve requirements. Most economists feel that, where gold was once the only solid discipline in an untrustworthy world, the history of responsible monetary policy and the growth of international financial institutions have made the tying of all money to gold archaic. By dropping the reserve requirements, they argue, the U.S. can make its gold available to work where it counts, in the international payments field. The U.S. would not go any farther off the gold standard than at present. It would only stop using its gold to cover the domestic dollar, use it only to back the dollar abroad. Says a Government economist: "The result would be simple arithmetic; we would have another \$12 billion free to defend the dollar, and therefore more faith in our ability to do so."

RAILROADS

Apple Pie à la Merger

The Norfolk & Western Railway, which reaches from Norfolk through the West Virginia coal fields up to southern Ohio is one of the nation's best-run railroads. A ride over its main line, says the *Handbook of American Railroads*, instills "a sense that everything is in 'apple-pie order' and as it should be." The road is also growth-minded; last year the Interstate Commerce Commission approved a merger between the N. & W. and the Virginian, the first merger of two independently owned railroads in this century. Last week the road's go-ahead President Stuart T. Saunders announced a new merger plan to put together a railroad giant that could be the nation's most profitable transportation complex.

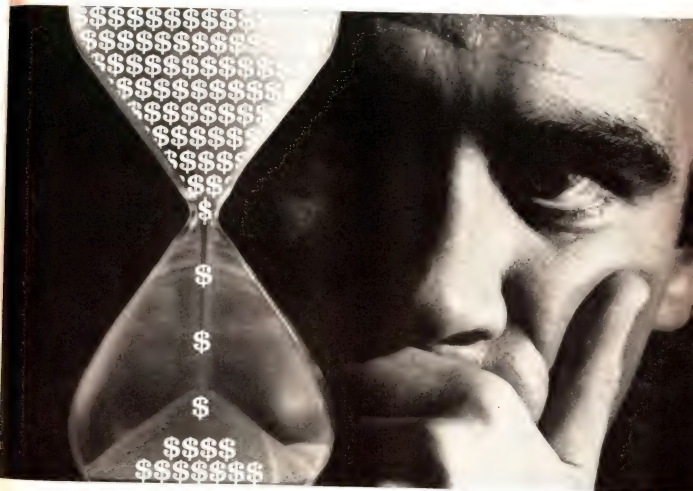
To extend his road across northern Ohio east to Buffalo, and west to Chicago and St. Louis, he wants to merge with the New York, Chicago & St. Louis (Nickel Plate) Railroad through an exchange of .45 of a share of N. & W. stock for one of Nickel Plate's. To close the 111-mile gap between the end of his tracks at Columbus and the Nickel Plate's at Sandusky, he

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GILBERT'S STOCK-CAR RACERS
The toy dollar has stretched 25%.

wants to buy the Sandusky Line from the Pennsylvania Railroad for \$27 million. Finally, to push his network into Michigan and west to Omaha, he plans to lease the Wabash Railroad for \$7,124,000 annually for six years, eventually merge with it by exchanging 675,000 shares of N. & W. stock for all of the Wabash's 598,186 shares.

The combined earnings of the roads last year totaled \$77 million, well ahead of the earnings of any other transportation corporation. President Saunders estimates that by eliminating duplicate tracks and terminals between the Wabash and Nickel Plate, he will save at least \$25 million a year and make the profit picture prettier.

The Pennsylvania, which owns 28% (the largest single block) of the N. & W. and 99% of the Wabash, has already blessed the merger. So have the Nickel Plate and N. & W. directors. The plan may be the first step in a Pennsylvania scheme to set up a huge eastern rail system that it will later try to join.

Saunders still needs approval by ICC and Nickel Plate and N. & W. stockholders. But no serious objections are expected. ICC Chairman Kenneth H. Tugler reiterated last week what the agency has said before—that it is in favor of mergers that are in the public interest.

The ICC put its okay on a new 4,700-mile rail network made up by merging the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie (Soo Line) Railroad, Wisconsin Central, and Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic. All are subsidiaries of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The merger calls for formation of a new company to be called the Soo Line Railroad Co.

RETAIL TRADE

A Bargain Christmas

For parents pouring through the festooned toylands of the U.S. last week—and caching away their finds on high closet shelves—the shopping had seldom been easier on the budget, or the variety of toys greater. Toys were bigger, more complex, better made and, believe it or not, they were cheaper. Manufacturers' retail prices were a catalogue fiction; price-cutting was the fact everywhere.

Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward were selling toys 30% to 40% off. Manhattan's Macy's was moving bestselling new toys below cost. Even venerable F.A.O. Schwarz, the "Tiffany of the Toy World," was discounting for the first time in 98 years, had marked some lines down 30%. Surprisingly enough, it was the best toys that often carried the biggest markdowns, e.g., Marx's sturdy, battery-powered go-kart, list-priced at \$30, sells for as low as \$15. Says the Toy Guidance Council's Melvin Freud: "The retail discounting has stretched the toy dollar 25%. Toys are the biggest bargain in the stores this Christmas."

Though trains and dolls are still selling strong, some past Christmas favorites are fading. The junior cowboy is riding off into the sunset. With the exception of

Ideal's hot-selling Astro Base, which simulates a landing on the moon, space-age toys are far out. Not science fiction but science do-it-yourself kits, which may baffle father but delight junior, are now the big sellers. Science Kit Maker A. C. Gilbert says that do-it-yourself kits have jumped from $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of Gilbert's total sales, with sales of astronomy kits alone up 25% over sales last year. Even babies can now get science right from the start: new, eye-catching mobiles, usually fluttery birds or butterflies, designed for cradles, have been given a scientific touch by Science Materials Center with its Whirling Worlds. Its mobiles depict the solar system, with the planets and sun all in relative proportion.

Another emphasis this year is on realism, from talking dolls with a vocabulary bigger than some of the little girls who will cradle them to Aurora's 1960-model electric-powered cars. Scaled down to 2 in. in length, the cars can be raced around a miniature track, need a deft touch on the controls to keep them from flipping over. Gilbert makes a bigger, stock-car racing set. Sales of multi-detailed plastic hobby kits are burgeoning, enable boys and girls to produce in miniature everything from auto engines to a transparent Visible Woman, complete with interchangeable parts for pregnancy.

Among this year's new, bestselling toys: **Q** Chatty Cathy, a 20-in., blue-eyed, freckle-faced doll that talks, made by Mattel. When a string on Cathy's back is pulled, she can say "Will you play with me?" "Tell me a story." "Please brush my hair." "I love you," or any of eleven different sentences in random sequence. List price: \$18.

Q Mr. Machine, made by Ideal, a wind-up, clear-plastic robot that walks swinging his arms, opening and closing his mouth, emitting a burping siren and ringing a bell. His innards are not only visible but can be taken apart. List price: \$12.

Q The Fighting Lady, Remco's 3-ft.-long battleship, a realistic battery-powered model that fires shells and ejects their casings, also can catapult a plane from the rear deck, has a separate launch carrying a seven-man assault force. List price: \$12.08.

Q A giant bulldozer, made by Louis Marx, weighing 7 lbs. The bulldozer has two separate, battery-powered motors, climbs 50° grades, can actually pull 200 lbs. List price: \$14.

ADVERTISING

Ailing Bert & Harry

For five years the softest sell on East Coast TV and radio opened with a gruff, bullying "Hello viewers, I'm Bert Piel and this is my brother Harry." Cartoon characters created by UPA (Mr. Magoo) and given voice by radio's Bob (Elliott) & Ray (Goulding). Boisterous Bert and Harried Harry were pitchmen for Piel's Beer—and invariably the pitch went awry. The lights failed during a taste-test, the man-in-the-street interview turned up a long-winded Piel's fan who would not let

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CESSNA
ONE FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

Bert got his motivational research questions in edgewise, the labels got switched during a beer test and Brand X's foam lasted longer. Bert and Harry not only spoofed Piel's but Madison Avenue itself put a new twist in kidding commercials.

The viewers (Bert invariably addressed the radio audience as "radio viewers") loved it, and for three years Piel's sales set new records.

But last summer, largely because of the cool weather, sales hit a plateau, and Piel's looked around for an old-fashioned hard sell in the form of a jingle. Bert and Harry were seen less and less. Last week their \$100,000 annual contract, owned by Goulding, Elliott and Edward Graham, the team's scriptwriter, expired. Young & Rubicam, Piel's advertising agency, did not renew it, instead tried to negotiate a new one for fewer commercials. Y. & R. explained that even though televisioners tuned in to programs just to hear the Bert and Harry ad, they did not necessarily reach most beer drinkers. Since Piel's owns the cartoon's format, once their already prepared skits are run through they will either join the ranks of the permanently unemployed and unemployable or Bert and Harry will move over to new producers to continue at half speed. Bert and Harry's loyal viewers immediately began to complain. Answered Y. & R.: "Esoterically, it was the most successful commercial of all time. But more beer drinkers will buy from the jingle."

MODERN LIVING Cash Under the Gaslight

"Every man would like to be a black sheep if he could. I'm giving him the chance—in a harmless way, of course." With these words, burly, grey-haired Burton Browne, a fulltime adman and part-time restaurateur, broke ground this week for the latest firewatering place to serve Chicago's expense-account society.

In the suburb of Highland Park will go up a Black Sheep Club where the pretty waitresses will be long of leg and short of clothes, the drinks expensive (\$1.50 a shot), and the access limited to gentlemen keyholders and their guests. The building will be the newest addition to the fast-growing number of key clubs whose keys have become a new status symbol for those who do their playing on expense accounts.

Cuties & Cold Cuts. The vogue was started by Burt Browne, 55, president of Burton Browne Advertising (\$5,000,000 a year in billings, mostly in electronics accounts), who declares he is "the only saloonkeeper in the country listed in *Who's Who*, the *Social Register* and *Dun & Bradstreet*. In 1941, needing a place to entertain the "advertising manager from Seattle after feeding him a steak and three martinis," Browne converted a small office adjoining his agency into the Sundown Room, equipped it with a bar and attractive barmaid. Soon the Sundown Room became such a popular gathering place for Chicago bucks that Browne could hardly get a drink in his own club.



ADMAN BROWNE & WAITRESSES
New status for the sheep.

In 1953 Browne got 15 friends to invest \$1,000 apiece in an expanded version of the Sundown, opened the Gaslight Club. He decorated it to resemble a fancy turn-of-the-century saloon in red velvet, covered the walls with paintings of nudes, supplied a ragtime piano player and free platters of cold cuts. The biggest attractions were beautiful waitresses in abbreviated versions of 1925 ball gowns. Mostly aspiring models and actresses, they earn up to \$15,000 a year, are strictly supervised by Browne's pretty wife, Jean.

The Chicago Gaslight was so successful that Browne opened another club in Manhattan in 1956, a year and a half later opened a third in Washington. Membership in the three clubs is now more than 48,000, and altogether they are expected to gross about \$4,000,000 this year, net their stockholders more than \$750,000.

Playboys. Browne has many imitators. *Playboy* Magazine did a story on the Chicago Gaslight about four years ago, got so interested that it opened its own club, intends to have clubs in 20 other cities within the next two years. Sensing the trend, nightclubs in many cities, e.g., the Roaring Twenties in Beverly Hills, are setting one room aside as a key club, stocking it with the shapeliest waitresses.

Since Browne feels he can oversee no more than the three Gaslight clubs, he set up Black Sheep clubs, which have Gaslight atmosphere but are owned and operated by local businessmen. He charges \$8,500 for the franchise, plus \$300 a month in royalty. So far, three Black Sheep clubs are in operation in San Francisco, Atlanta and Scottsdale, Ariz. Franchises for 32 clubs have been sold.

Now Browne has another project in mind. He wants to set up in Paris the kind of romantically naughty bistro that he thinks every U.S. tourist dreams about finding there—but never does.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Big Deal on Madonna Street (Griffith-Lux: U.M.P.O.), made in Italy by a little-known director named Mario Monicelli, is a mildly shaggy, fracturingly funny lecture on a subject that nobody since Buster Keaton has really done justice to: How Not To Commit A Burglary.

The burglars in this instance are as amiable a bunch of cabbages as ever put their heads together. One (Renato Salvatori) is a successful baby-carriage thief. Another (Carlo Pisacane) is an old and toothless messenger boy. The third (Marcello Mastroianni) is a no-talent photographer, the fourth (Tiberio Murgia) a fiery Sicilian who thinks that everybody is trying to seduce his unmarried sister (Claudia Cardinale), the fifth (Vittorio Gassman) a preliminary bum who never hits anything but the canvas. Only the sixth (Toto), a renowned but senile safe-cracker, has any previous criminal experience, and when he sees the quality of his confederates, he pockets his consultant fee (\$80) and backs inconspicuously out of the deal.

Stealthily, and above all "scientifically," the gang prepares to take its objective, a neighborhood jewelry store. The plan involves a vacant apartment through which the store can be entered. *Mamma mia!* A few days before the robbery the gang discovers that the apartment is not vacant at all. Two nice old ladies live there—they just never open the shutters. Fortunately, the old ladies have a pretty young housemaid. The boxer makes a date with her. She falls madly in love—and impulsively announces that she has quit her job. No! Yes.

The gang goes in through a coal chute. Unfortunately, the furnace has been converted to oil, and the first man lands in a tank of it. Somebody drops the burglar tools. Somebody else puts a foot through a skylight. Once inside the apartment—the old ladies are out of town for the weekend—the intruders delicately drill a hole in the wall that stands between them and the jeweler's safe. Spifuroosh! A jet of water jumps out of the wall—they managed to hit a pipe. And so on to the climax, which comes in one of the grandest and goofiest sight gags since Stan Laurel looked into a bathroom mirror, saw a gorilla, decided that he must need a shave.

The Magnificent Seven (United Artists) suggests that, after many a disappointment with Hollywood and television westerns, U.S. reviewers and distributors are so saddle-sore and range-blind that they cannot tell a ring-tailed snorter from a bucket-foot mule. Greeted by a flurry of inattention from the critics, this western has been hastily remaindered into the neighborhood circuits in the hope that it will soon get profitably lost in the Christmas rush. The loss will be bearable: *Seven* is not a great picture—not nearly

as good as the Japanese *Magnificent Seven* (TIME, Dec. 10, 1956), the brilliant episode of chivalry, directed by Japan's Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa, from which it is adapted. Nevertheless, it is the best western released so far in 1960, a skillful, exciting, and occasionally profound contemplation of the life of violence.

In the Hollywood version of the Kurosawa story, the seven samurai become seven Texas gunmen (Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen, Horst Buchholz, James Coburn, Charles Bronson, Robert Vaughn, Brad Dexter). One day, Bravo Brynner is approached by some Mexican farmers who



GUNMAN BRYNNER
Sure death farming.

offer him everything they have if he will protect their village from a bandit chieftain (Eli Wallach). Unexpectedly moved, he accepts their minuscule fee, recruits the other six, and together they ride out on their errand of mercy. Why? Not one of them is really sure until the bandit gang is wiped out and the three surviving gunmen say farewell. "You have won, we have lost," they say sadly, thinking of their dead companions. "Only the farmers have won," an old man agrees. "They remain forever. They are like the land. You are like the wind . . . a strong wind [chasing] the locusts . . . blowing over the land and passing on. *Vayan con Dios.*"

Technically, the film is up to big-studio standards. Color camera work, acting and direction (John Sturges) are competent. But the script (William Roberts) is what gives this western its special dimensions of inwardness and dignity. Expert but sensitive, the writer searches even more intimately than Kurosawa did into the nature of the hateful tie that, sometimes as pity, sometimes as cruelty, sometimes as love, always and inevitably binds the strong to the weak.

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BOOKS



RACKHAM'S "WIND IN THE WILLOWS"

Gifts Between Covers

French holiday shoppers browsing in their bookstores can find an edition of *Genesis* bound in copper that rattles when shaken to simulate the sound of thunder. They can also buy the writings of St. Francis of Assisi tied shut with a piece of twine reminiscent of a friar's cord; a war book, *La Route des Flandres*, by Claude Simon, whose covers are shot through with bullets; and a book about the devil wrapped in old sermons and giving off clouds of powdered sulphur when its pages are turned. Such salesmanship (the work of France's thriving Christian Book Club) leaves U.S. publishers behind. Along with a few gimmick books, Christmas shoppers can find a remarkable collection of handsome volumes in which most of the bookmen's effort has gone into text and illustrations. Among them:

THE DISCOVERY OF THE WORLD, by Albert Bettex (379 pp.; Simon & Schuster, \$17.50), deals quite magnificently

with the matter of its title. Here the great and minor explorers, from antiquity to the 20th century, pierce the curtains of the unknown on every continent and every sea. The text by Swiss Historian Bettex is both sound and readable, but the 300-odd illustrations are themselves a striking monument, probably unequalled in any other single volume in print, to man's unquenchable curiosity about his world.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTURE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, narrative by Bruce Catton (630 pp.; Doubleday, \$19.95), proves that on the steadily growing mountain of books about the Civil War there is always room for another. Bruce Catton's competent running narrative is not at the level of his earlier books. But the 336 illustrations—especially the stark, unsophisticated photographs by Brady and others—reach a new high point in dramatizing the nation's most dramatic war.

MOMENTS PREVIOUS, by Irving Penn (183 ill.; Simon & Schuster, \$17.50), is the stunning work of a photographer who has a way with a face. There is little his camera does not do well—including daredevil riders in Morocco and somber still lifes of wine done for ads. But what Photographer Penn does best is to absorb the secrets of character into his lenses. There is French Man-of-All-Letters Jean Cocteau, warily perching on a chair, sharp-beaked and sharp-tongued, his vest as loud as some of his poses; Bert Lahr, his big, kindly, sad-smiling features musing on a great clown's vision; a chip-on-shoulder but grinning Paris mailman looking as if he knew the secret of every letter in his bag.

ANTARCTICA, by Emil Schulthess (Simon & Schuster, \$15), is the photographic record brought back by Swiss Camera-man Schulthess from the U.S. expedition at the South Pole during the Antarctic summer, 1958-59. In stunning pictures, Schulthess has caught the cryoramic immensity of the region. He can look at newly hatched penguins and their parents with the same authority that he brings to a view of the seemingly endless Ross Ice

Shelf, or the overwhelming spectacle of an Antarctic sunset.

ARTHUR RACKHAM, HIS LIFE AND WORK by Derek Hudson (181 pp.; Scribner, \$20), tells the story of the British insurance clerk who became one of the two or three finest illustrators of children's books. The biography is a loving, quiet account of a quiet life, but the book's main distinction lies in the Rackham illustrations. Those for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *The Wind in the Willows* alone are enough to touch off shivers of nostalgia in all who knew them in childhood.

THE WONDERS OF LIFE ON EARTH, by the Editors of *Life* and Lincoln Barnett (300 pp.; \$12.50), is an ambitious panorama of evolution. In hundreds of startling photographs and drawings, supported by a sound text, the history of bird, fish, plant, insect and animal life is made exceptionally clear.

MARC CHAGALL DRAWINGS FOR THE BIBLE (Harcourt, Brace, \$30), is a continuation of the artist's Biblical poem-without words on which he has been engaged for more than 30 years. These drawings and lithographs have a power firmly rooted in a kind of sophisticated innocence. Marc Chagall takes the Old Testament literally, so that his Jewish inspiration seems sometimes to have been handed over to an unreconstructed Fundamentalist for execution. These powerful drawings are sensuous (*Ruth in the Fields* looks like a belly dancer) and sometimes terrible (*Joel Kills Sisera*), but always steeped in a mythical vision that has become the signature of Chagall.

THE LITHOGRAPHS OF CHAGALL (220 pp.; Braziller, \$25), has 237 reproductions, 55 of them in color, which probably bears

PENN'S COCTEAU



CHAGALL'S "RUTH"



PICASSO'S CERAMICS

out the publisher's claim that it is a definitive collection of the artist's lithographs. Since they date from 1922 to 1960, Marc Chagall's development becomes fascinatingly apparent. That he drew well from the start is evident from so simple a sketch as *Woman Walking*. But, typical of Chagall, it is not quite so simple as it might seem. The woman is leaning almost to the point of falling and her hands are pressed together as in prayer. Behind her a house looms at the same tentative angle, and a tiny goat trots on her head. Almost 40 years later, *The Eiffel Tower Lovers* are seated on the back of a large fowl that holds a bouquet of flowers as it approaches the tower with a blazing red sun in the background. The man is dressed, the girl naked. Between these two pictures are evidences of a fantastic and fascinating artistic vision not always easy to define but always a joy to divine.

HUMMINGBIRDS, by Crawford H. Greenewalt (250 pp.; Doubleday: \$22.50), may become a classic of natural history. Author Greenewalt, president of mighty E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., has written a monograph, understandable to laymen, on his hobby—hummingbirds. Greenewalt offers some intriguing hummingbird lore, including the fact that they are the only birds that can hover with body motionless, and the only ones that have a "reverse gear" which enables them to fly backwards as prettily and efficiently as they can forwards." What will most excite bird watchers as well as plain readers is the crisp, full-color photographs, the largest collection ever published, which catch the hummingbirds in dazzling flight.

PICASSO IN ANTIBES, by Dor de la Souchère (Pantheon: \$20), would be impressive simply as one more proof of the artist's many-talented industry. From July to December 1946 he lived in the Château d'Antibes on the French Riviera,

and left behind for the Picasso Museum no fewer than 175 works, paintings, ceramics and drawings done during that time. One hundred forty-eight of them are beautifully reproduced here, many in color, and even the least of them has the artist's mark plainly stamped on it. From the ceramics, especially the figures of women, there come wild exhalations of gravity, humor and feminine timelessness.

ENGLISH ABBEYS AND PRIORIES, by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith (Viking: \$12), provides an opportunity for quiet armchair study of early English church architecture—Tintern Abbey, oddly alive in its decay; Croyland Abbey, with its giant startling figure of Christ in Majesty; dramatic Whitby Abbey, whose "gradual disintegration has been the work of time alone. More than the church buildings of other countries, they suggest peace and sanctuary, though their history was frequently anything but peaceful.

CHINESE PAINTINGS, by James Cahill (211 pp.; World Publishing: \$27.50), is a remarkably satisfying collection of Chinese art ranging from the 2nd to the 18th century. The earliest examples have, above all, a finish, grace and sophistication that make them a pleasure to the Western eye. There are charming scenes of horsemen in which the animals and riders seem at once in motion and delicately suspended, and a 13th century *Knick-Knack Peddler* has his wares inspected by moppets as obviously delighted as those of any other time or place.

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE FACSIMILE (2 vols.; 1,282 pp.; Pageant: \$600 in regular edition, \$750 leather-bound) is the first U.S. attempt at a faithful facsimile of the world's first printed book since it came off the press in Mainz, Germany in 1455. Of the 1,000 copies being produced, 996 will go on sale, with nearly 200 copies already spoken for. Twelve by 18 inches (the size of the original) and weighing 40 lbs., the new Gutenberg is a formidable piece of bookmaking, has so far taken 10



"LIFE'S" LEMURS

craftsmen two years to print and bind.* Both the chief librarian of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the curator of the Rare Book Room of the New York Public Library vouch for the faithfulness of the reproduction. The large type is nobly archaic and grave, the Latin lettering remarkably clear. Some of the illuminated pages (the color was applied by hand in the originals) have a surprising look of gaiety, suggesting the pleasure the artists took in embellishing the Holy Book with birds, flowers and monkeys.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM, THE GLORY AND THE GRIEF, by Marcel Brion (237 pp.; Crown: \$10), is a fresh and often

* A more constructive approach to the Gutenberg Bible than that of Ray Brookman (Gabriel Wells, who in 1921 bought one, unbound it and sold individual pages at \$150 apiece).



GREENEWALT'S HUMMINGBIRD

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Investment Consultant Ira L. Haugen of Grand Forks, North Dakota, has owned 27 cars of practically every make, including the most expensive, but rates his present car, a Rambler 6, "the most sensible, most rugged, most comfortable and most economical." He writes:

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vivid history of the two cities destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79. French Novelist Marcel Brion and Photographer Edwin Smith succeed in conveying their own fascination for their sometimes grisly subject. Brion's reconstruction of what life was like in Pompeii is rich in detail and enriched by his novelist's feeling for the drama of ordinary experience. Men and women candidly wrote what they thought of each other on public walls, e.g., a certain Livia to her Alexander: "What do I care if your health is good or bad? Do you think I would mind if you dropped dead tomorrow?" Along with chilling pictures of corpses in the dreadful attitudes of sudden death, the book also offers lovely frescoes showing gracious living circa the 1st century.

THE PAINTINGS OF FRAGONARD, by Georges Wildenstein (339 pp.; Phaidon; \$25), presents the work of the 18th-century French painter with the lush hand-someness it needs. Fragonard today seems on the innocent side, and fierce critics might even call some of his pictures silly. His *Washerwomen* seem rapidly romantic, and his famed, slightly naughty *The Swing*—girl on high exposing too much leg, young man lying on the ground getting an eyeful—is less funny than coarse. Yet among these 377 illustrations there is rich evidence of a joy in painting that is often reward enough for the onlooker.

Odd Man In

PEACEABLE LANE (345 pp.)—Keith Wheeler—Simon & Schuster [\$4.50].

Matt Jones is a run-of-the-mill town ad-man who lives in a suburb of New York's Westchester County, where the only certainties are debt and taxes. Peaceable Lane is a newly planted colony of middle-class status creepers whose houses cost \$30,000. "You can get some pretty odd ones at those prices," says a big-rich snob from nearby Grassy Tor, but Peaceable Lane's eleven families, ranging from doctors and lawyers to a union vice president and a radio commentator, are not notably odd. Matt and his neighbors are a standoffish, power-mower elite who rarely pool anything beyond the cars with which the wives chauffeur the kids to school each day. But one lazy Sunday afternoon, between the Bloody Marys and the charcoal-broiled steaks, sudden fear glues Peaceable Lane together. An odd man wants in: a Negro is dicker-frog for the house right next door to Matt Jones.

Grey Market. What follows is a kind of social-consciousness thriller. Author Keith Wheeler, a LIFE associate editor, feelingly probes the grey market in interracial ethics. Like most topical problem novels, *Peaceable Lane*, a December Book-of-the-Month choice, is on somewhat distant terms with literature, and breathlessly intimate with today's headlines. Written with manifest good will, the novel unfortunately discriminates against character development in favor of clichés and plot-conditioned responses.



NOVELIST WHEELER
Uncle Tom in reverse.

But if the people are not quite real, their dilemmas is.

Rallying to the cry that property values will plummet, Matt heads a neighborhood group to buy the house and keep it out of the Negro's hands. Success proves bitter. Far from being a faceless figure of dread, the would-be purchaser turns out to be Lamar Winter, a gifted commercial artist and Matt's business teammate and friend for seven years. In a tormented about-face, and with the aid of an equally conscience-stricken Jewish lawyer confederate, Matt secretly sells Lamar the house.

Lamar Winter is a kind of Uncle Tom in reverse. He wears the chips on his shoulders like epaulets, is always combat-ready for the slurs, or worse, of what he regards as the inevitable war between the races. Incidents multiply. The community swimming pool is drained after Lamar's nine-year-old son takes a dip. His wife is hoodwinked by a bullyboy's stone. The most vicious pressure of all is applied against Lamar by a member of his own race, a Mr. Barton, who acts as a "black-buster," attempting to spread panic among the whites in order to purchase their homes at distress prices and resell to Negroes at a fat profit. Before Peaceable Lane lives up to its ironic name, Matt, Lamar and the others lose more than property values, but gain something like a good conscience.

Cain & Abel. Author Wheeler paces his novel skillfully by uncorking surprises in the relation of white with white and black with black. His analysis of race prejudice itself packs no surprises and probes no great psychological depth, since he is content to argue that hate, like love, is blind. Even near novel's end, Matt and Lamar are scarcely better brothers under the skin than Cain and Abel. They agree only that their children may learn to live together without racial conflict and deserve the chance to try.

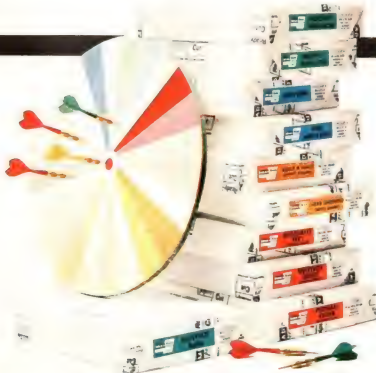
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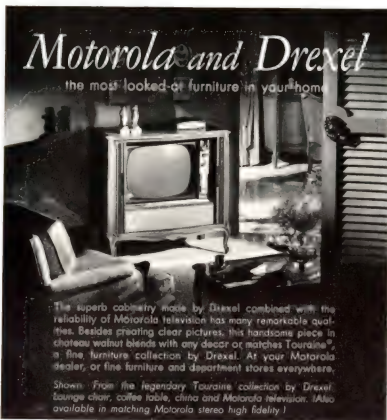


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million refugees, featuring scenes from Yul Brynner's recent European and Middle Eastern trip as a United Nations representative, and including his interviews with Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir and Jordan's King Hussein.

The Nation's Future (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Columbia University Professor C. Wright Mills and former Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle Jr. ponder U.S. policies toward Latin America and Cuba.

Sun., Dec. 11

Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Alistair Cooke tours New York City at night from the Great White Way to the darker, crime-ridden shadows in *Night People*.

The Wizard of Oz (CBS, 6-8 p.m.). A rerun of the 1939 movie classic sends Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr and Billie Burke on another trek up the yellow brick road.

The Shirley Temple Show (NBC, 7-8 p.m.). The hostess tries her wholesome hand with Hawthorne's *The House of Seven Gables*, Color.

Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Opening as the new Prime Minister utters his first statement to Commons: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat"—the third episode portrays the retreat through Western Europe and the Dunkirk evacuation.

THEATER

Advise and Consent. Although too obviously melodramatic and politically shallow, the adaptation of the bestselling novel about a Cabinet nominee's battle for Senate confirmation is both brisk and suspenseful.

Period of Adjustment. Trading claws for Santa Claus, Broadway's master of violence, Tennessee Williams, has written a comedy-lecture on how to stay married, which is superficial, dexterous and lively.

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. Coiling around each other like flowers, teen-agers or snails, these superb improvisationists prove that they can make hilarious fun of anything from the P.T.A. to the old Tennessee Williams.

A Taste of Honey. An episodic but unblinkingly truthful first play about a tramp of a mother and her illegitimate daughter, by a talented young Englishwoman who has the knack of using light to make soot more visible.

Irma La Douce. Transcending the ancient cliché of the goldenhearted whore, dynamic Elizabeth Seal endows a jaunty, harmless French musical with a nice tinge of iniquity and even a certain mixture of sweetness and bite.

The Hostage. A jolly but self-indulgent romp in which playwright Brendan Behan proves himself more than a buffoon if less than a philosopher.

BOOKS

Best Reading

It Had Been a Mild, Delicate Night, by Tom Kaye. The woman in the London town house is a neoclassic nymph, the tramp who pursues her is clearly a satyr, and the author's story of the chase is a myth as good as a mile of realistic novels.

A Zoo in My Luggage, by Gerald Durrell. The author, a noted zoologist and

TIME, DECEMBER 12, 1960

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(Mr. Hanes is President of
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Christmas suggestion for the couple that has everything: "His" and "Hers" subscriptions to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Just as sport has become essential to the lives of the leaders in business and the professions these days, it has become a part of living for their wives.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED proves it. In just its primary households — 950,000 subscribers and newsstand buyers — it has 1,048,000 male readers and 640,000 female readers over 18, to say nothing of more than a million teen-agers.

Although these families may not have everything, they're closing in on it. Almost as many own two or more cars (47.3%) as own one; 63% enjoy three or more weeks of vacation each year; for every 100 of the family breadwinners there are 197 travel cards, credit cards or business expense accounts; and their median income is \$10,835 a year—and rising.

So is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. In six years circulation has doubled; advertising revenue has increased fivefold.

brother of Lawrence Durrell, tells of following his love of animals to the Cameroons, and proves to have his novelist brother's ability to impale the butterfly of reality on the point of a pen.

Goodbye to a River, by John Graves. The Brazos River in Texas was to be ruined by power dams, and the author, who writes well of the region's wildlife and wild living, tells of a three-week solo canoe trip he made as a farewell gesture.

Summoned by Bells, by John Bertram. In a charming autobiography in verse, the author tells of a boyhood and young manhood that were unremarkable except for the pain, joy and insight that go with being a poet.

Spring Song and Other Stories, by Joyce Cary. In these short stories, as in the author's novels, nothing seems to be contrived and everything seems worth hearing about, whether the subjects are men at war, children, or a dodderer on a park bench.

The Light in the Piazza, by Elizabeth Spencer. A sensitively written novel of troubled love between an Italian shop owner and a mentally deficient American girl; notably, the author's Americans are neither bores on tours nor snobs trying to look as if they had never heard of Akron.

The Life and Opinions of T. E. Hulme, by Alun R. Jones. Critic Hulme, a friend said, was "capable of kicking a theory as well as a man downstairs," and before he was killed in World War I at 34, this fiery British intellectual was a strong influence on such men as Eliot, Yeats, Pound and Wyndham Lewis.

Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. The author uses all of his considerable skill to shock the reader in this bleak novel about the crackup of a hollow young man, but stops short of proving what he suggests; that much of American society is hollow.

The Metamorphosis of the Gods, by André Malraux. To Malraux, art is religion, and to support this view he proposes flights of brilliant speculation that course throughout all of art history; if he does not persuade the reader to worship, at least he helps him to see.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advice and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Last of the Just*, Schwarz-Bart (9)
4. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (3)
5. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (4)
6. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (4)
7. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (6)
8. *The Dean's Watch*, Goudge (8)
9. *Decision at Delphi*, MacInnes
10. *The Nylon Pirates*, Monsarrat (7)

NONFICTION

1. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Shirer (1)
2. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (2)
3. *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*
4. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger (5)
5. *The Snake Has All the Lines*, Kerr (9)
6. *Baruch: The Public Years* (3)
7. *Born Free*, Adamson (4)
8. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith
9. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther (8)
10. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (6)

* Position on last week's list.

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IF YOUR CHILD IS IN THE

EIGHTH

NINTH

TENTH

OR

GRADE

YOU CAN NOW GUARANTEE, THROUGH

REASONABLE MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS,

THE MONEY TO HELP PAY FOR HIS

COLLEGE EDUCATION—AND TAKE UP TO

TWELVE

YEARS TO PAY FOR IT*

The Prudential has long sought a practical solution to the financial problem faced by parents who were unable to set up a long-range savings program for their children's college expenses. In cooperation with leading banks throughout the country, The Prudential has now developed a unique plan to help these parents finance their children's education.

WHAT IS PRUDENTIAL'S COLLEGE EDUCATION PLAN?

...the new plan that offers endowment insurance payments and bank loans to help provide the money for your child's college education...and, depending mainly on your child's grade and the state where the plan is purchased, lets you take up to 12 years to pay for it

WHY IS THIS EDUCATION PLAN UNIQUE?

...because it makes it possible for parents of children already in the 8th, 9th or 10th grades to help finance college costs, over an extended period of time, with low monthly payments.

HOW DOES THIS PLAN GIVE YOU FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST?

...by providing a check twice a year, for four years, it eliminates the burden of making large cash outlays each time college bills come due.

HOW DOES THIS PLAN MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU TO PAY FOR YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION?

...by spreading out the costs of your child's college expenses over the high school, college and immediate post-college years, it makes possible low monthly payments that you can arrange to fit your budget.

HOW MUCH ACTUAL FINANCIAL AID CAN PRUDENTIAL'S COLLEGE EDUCATION PLAN PROVIDE?

...up to \$12,000. Prudential's College Education Plan is available in 1,000 steps from a minimum of \$2,000 on up to \$12,000 in most states. This money is available to you to help meet your child's expenses at any college or university in the United States or Canada.

HOW DOES PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THIS NEW PLAN?

...by providing insurance on the father's life it guarantees the full amount of the plan—whether you are here or not.

HOW DOES PRUDENTIAL'S COLLEGE EDUCATION PLAN HELP YOU IF COLLEGE FOR YOUR CHILD IS ONLY A FEW YEARS AWAY?

...by permitting you to make final payments even after your child has completed college. This opportunity to spread college costs by means of low monthly payments over an extended period—is the heart of Prudential's new plan.

WHERE CAN YOU GET INFORMATION ABOUT COLLEGE TUITIONS AND OTHER COSTS?

...from the new 32-page booklet, "Facing Facts About College Costs" which deals with the problem of financing a college education. It includes information on tuition and other costs of some 200 colleges and universities. This booklet is available to you free. Ask your Prudential Agent for a copy, or write:

THE PRUDENTIAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, BOX 27, NEWARK, N. J.

WHERE CAN YOU FIND OUT HOW MUCH THE MONTHLY PAYMENTS WILL BE TO START YOUR CHILD'S COLLEGE EDUCATION PLAN?

...from Your Prudential Agent. For full details about Prudential's College Education Plan for your child...see the Prudential Agent in your community.

*LENGTH OF PERIOD WILL DEPEND MAINLY ON YOUR CHILD'S GRADE AND THE STATE WHERE THE PLAN IS PURCHASED. NOT AVAILABLE IN KANSAS, MARYLAND AND MISSOURI.



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